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SAILOR BOY.

A Poem.

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W. H. Keating
First Edition

London, Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809

THE

SAILOR-BOY.

A POEM.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

Illustrative of

THE NAVY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY H. C. ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE FISHER-BOY."

Valet ima summis
Mutare, & insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens.

Horace.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE,
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1809.

W. Wilson, Printer, St. John's Square, London.

DEDICATION

TO

SIR EDWARD PELLEW, BART.

VICE ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.

SIR,

AS I conceive that the best method of explaining my sentiments of your meritorious conduct, as a naval commander, is by thus publicly addressing you; I have adopted this plan without any previous intimation upon the subject, as, in pursuing such a line of conduct, it cannot be said that I am instigated by any sinister motives, being solely actuated thereto from a principle of real respect for your estimable conduct as a gallant supporter of our maritime splendour.

With respect to the following Cantos, however defective they may be found, on the score of poetical excellence, the Author can, nevertheless, conscien-

tiously affirm, that they are the offspring of a mind fully fraught with admiration for the subject which inspired them; and if, therefore, the perusal of the ensuing pages should tend to convince you, that it has been the ardent desire of the writer to keep alive that glorious spirit of emulation which actuates our *Heroes of the Deep*, the ultimate wish will be gratified of,

SIR,

Your most obedient,

And very humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFATORY LINES

TO

THE PUBLIC.

As some apology may be necessary for ushering the ensuing Cantos into publicity, the author, with that diffidence which should always characterize an internal conviction of moderate abilities, can offer no other excuse for the publication of this Poem, than the real admiration with which he has ever regarded the glorious navy of his country; added to this, the favourable reception which his *Fisher-Boy* has experienced, may, perhaps, have awakened a small portion of vanity in his breast; this, however, he can positively affirm, that the following ebullition of his Muse is not intended as an attempt at the *sublime;* being the simple offspring of fancy, heightened by real feeling for his subject.

The foregoing confession was not only necessary, on the principle of strict veracity, but in order that those who may be led to favour this production with a perusal, should not form an elevated idea of the Poet's abilities; as we are too frequently led to a premature condemnation of that which supposition or report had previously led us to contemplate through a false medium.

As the public, after this candid avowal, can have no cause of complaint, with respect to arrogance, on the part of the writer, it may next be requisite to subjoin a few words with regard to the production itself; and, if the Bard has but in some degree attended to the advice of *Horace*, the ultimate wish of his heart will be gratified, who says—

Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis æquam
Viribus. HORACE.

Let those who write fix on a subject to which their force is equal.

Upon this point, however, the ultimate failure or success of the present production, will afford the best

criterion; and therefore to the grand ordeal of public scrutiny is it thus humbly submitted.

It being a fact universally admitted, that the navy of this country is the main bulwark which supports its internal prosperity, and secures to it the respect of every region of the habitable globe—on such a basis has the writer founded the structure thus compleated; the purport of which is to infuse a glowing spirit of emulation among the lowest ranks of Neptune's hardy progeny; and if, therefore, his minstrelsy be not precisely

An offering worthy of Apollo,

it may at any rate boast the most honourable and disinterested intention, namely—the glory and advancement of the deserving and brave, even in the lowest station.

As the author is very much averse to any elaborate prelude, being the pupil of simplicity, he conceives that any further prolongation of the subject would be nugatory; his aim has only been to delineate nature in her unsophisticated guise, and should he therefore

have elucidated, in the smallest degree, the following beautiful sentiment of *Suidas*, he will then have attained the very summit of his fondest expectation.

Της Φυσεος γραμματευς ην, τον καλαμον αποβρεξον εις νουν.

He was the writer, or interpreter of nature, dipping his pen into mind.

THE

SAILOR-BOY.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

POET's invocation to the muse.—Infancy and maternal fondness described.—Village school and school-master.—Infantile education and early reading.—A mother's demise, and apostrophe to death.—Second marriage, or the step-mother's cruelty.—Innate spirit not to be tamed.—An old saying no law.—The banyan birth-day.—Mendicant sailor described.—Charity in youth.—Poverty repulsed.—A dinner with no appetite.—The birth day tester.—The search of benevolence, and discovery of the sleeping tar.—A boon acceptable to heaven.—The veteran's complaint, and subsequent motive of content.—Breaking up of school.—The evening bell.—Youthful malevolence, and an heavy heart.—Calumny.—Richard taken to task.—His confession discredited.—Castigation, and assurance of further punishment.—Reasoning of youth unsatisfactory.—Sudden inspiration.—Contempt of fear, and immediate flight.—Dawn of day and sun-rise.—Hunger and fatigue.—Death expected, but repelled by the mercy of Omnipotence.—Astonishment, pity, and benevolence.—The repast.—Advice of no avail.—The prognostic and promise.—Journey continued.—A bed of straw the couch of sleep.—Ten miles march.—The ale-house door, and draught of porter.—Tom the post-boy.—A friendly offer.—The empty pot.—Tom's benevolence.—The Briton's toast.—Arrival at Portsmouth, and hearty farewell.—The blue posts.—News from an old friend, and a loan.—Arrival of the captain in his barge.—Jack's plea assented to.—The sailor-boy appointed.—Rigging out for sea.—One good turn deserves another.—Going on board.—Sorrow at parting, and Dick committed to the care of fate.

THE

SAILOR-BOY.

CANTO I.

His years are young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow;)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good *grace* to grace a gentleman.

Shakespeare.

HAIL, heav'n born muse, creative fancy, hail!
Let ev'ry impulse of my soul prevail;
Inspire my brain with ardor to impart,
Each energy that fires the seaman's heart,
Let sterling truth and vigor both combine,
To stamp with pathos each succeeding line;
With fervor let my pen the theme explore,
And justly praise it—I require no more.

Invocation to the Muse.

But ah! what rashness does the poet fire,
Who dares to such an altitude aspire,
Whose all-presumptuous fancy tow'ring high,
Spurns ev'ry base degree, and dares the sky;
In vivid characters to trace the name
Of Britain's pride—a Sailor—son of fame.
View him from lowly rank successive rise,
And gain by merit an immortal prize:
His country's plaudit, which enroll'd must stay
Till empires and the world shall fade away.
Such is the tale my muse would now rehearse,
Lo! such the theme of my aspiring verse:
Bold let my fingers strike the trembling string,
And wake the senses borne on fancy's wing,
That I one wreath may cull my brows to twine,
And claim alliance with the heav'nly nine.
Here cease the invocation—for my hand
To meeker strains the chords must now command;
From visionary realms descend to earth,
And frame a creature but of mortal birth.

Infancy and Education.

'Twas Hampshire's soil prolific first gave life,
And rear'd our Sailor-Boy to ocean's strife*,
Taught him with ripening youth to brave the deep,
And lull all fear, with martial glow to sleep;
Thy natal roof an humble village grac'd,
No pride elated, and no crime debas'd,
The honest sources of thine infant blood;
Their sole nobility—the name of—good.
Lull'd into slumbers on a mother's breast,
Thine unfledg'd reason by no thought oppress'd,
Gave to thy frame th' invigorating draught,
In strength increasing as the balm was quaff'd:
Thy sparkling eyes at length beam'd dawning sense,
The first great signet of Omnipotence;
Sweet smiles and outstretch'd hands, pure symbols fair,
Yielded rich harvests for maternal care;
And from thy tongue, when lisping accents broke,
To her no mortal—but an angel spoke:

* The birth of the hero of this poem is supposed to have taken place in the year 1768.

Such of my hero form'd the infant state,
His sire nor fortune had, or large estate,
Just boasting competence enough to say,
He'd stor'd up something for a rainy day.
Hard by the church was kept the village school,
Where parish clerk held magisterial rule;
Who, tho' in years, would often close the page
Of calm philosophy—and, urg'd to rage
Enfuriate discompose his rusty wig,
Seize the fell birch—look ominous and big;
And thus make tractable the wayward youth,
With rod administering to pupil—truth *.

* In speaking of the rod, it may not, perhaps, prove uninteresting to give the learned Dr. Johnson's opinion of whipping; concerning which the following anecdote will be found sufficiently explanatory of his ideas on that subject. Dr. Johnson was initiated in the classics at Litchfield-school, under Mr. Hunter, of whom he always gave the character of being a very severe master. Mr. Langton asked the doctor one day, how he acquired so accurate a knowledge of Latin? He replied, "Sir, my master whipped me very well; without that, I should have done nothing." He told Mr. Langton, that while Hunter was flogging his boys unmercifully, he used

Early Impressions.

Scarce had our Richard told three years complete,
When such became with him great learning's seat,
Each month revolving prov'd his mind acute,
And ere six years he read and wrote to boot;
Was quick at figures, and a sense display'd,
Anxious to catch whate'er should be convey'd.
And yet, what more his boyish thoughts inspir'd,
Were tales of heroes, which his ardor fir'd;
Nor last in song shou'd be forgot the lay
Of shipwreck'd Crusoe, borne from friends away.
Oft on the page he'd rivet fast his eyes,
Still more enchanted with each new surprise,

---

to say, "And this I do to save you from the gallows." Johnson, upon all occasions, expressed his approbation of enforcing instruction by means of the rod. "I would rather," said he, "have the rod to be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child, if you do thus, or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other"

A good Mother's Death.

Dwell on the theme, and often wish to be
With manhood doom'd to such a destiny*.
Here let us pause, by melancholy led,
And drop the dew of sorrow o'er the dead:
For now 'twas Richard's lot to taste the woe,
By fate awarded to mankind below;
His tender mother yielded up her trust,
To heav'n consign'd her boy, and turn'd to dust:
She died, still wafting to the last her love—
She died the christian, worthy realms above,
And to the father left her weeping boy,
The sad memorial of departed joy.

* It would be needless here to lay much stress on the very wonderful effects which have been produced by early impressions; there is not a country, whose history will not afford the most striking examples of this kind; and that our humble sailor-boy may have felt a glow of emulation on the perusal of this admirable romance of Daniel De Foe, is a circumstance therefore by no means extraordinary.

Quocunque trahunt fata sequamur.

VIRGIL.

Wherever the fates direct us, let us follow.

A good Mother's Death.

O! solemn death, that ev'ry bond dost break,
From soul immortal earthly confines shake,
Fell spectre, chilling age with transient touch,
Or freezing lusty youth with icy clutch;
Whose bow for ever strung, incessant wafts
O'er earth's wide expanse its destructive shafts,
Thine was the task to waken first true grief,
And make my hero know tears yield relief:
He wept—tho' something whisper'd 'twas in vain,
His mother's form he ne'er should see again;
He wept—and felt his bosom's rueful swell,
Lull'd in proportion as the tear drops fell.

The last sad duties paid, the cordial bland
Time in his flight dispens'd with lenient hand.
While Richard, to his early studies led,
Found with his strength new vigor store his head.
Meantime a change some months revolving wrought,
Our hero's sire a wily female sought;
A widow in her snares entrapp'd his mind,
And made him to paternal justice blind;

The Step-Mother.

Sharing with other's offspring that small pelf,
Which shou'd have 'long'd but to our boy himself.
Poor child, thy step-dame to her offspring prone,
Too soon assur'd thee thou wast not her own;
Each coming day brought tokens of disgust,
And prov'd her quite unworthy of the trust;
For when her children should have borne the blame,
To thy lot, hapless Richard, fell the shame;
And if paternal feelings wou'd subdue
Thy father's heart—the wary lynx-ey'd shrew,
With scowling taunts, and a malignant frown,
Compunction's yearnings never fail'd to drown.
Her children too, of far more ripen'd years,
Urg'd by their mother, oft would call forth tears
From Richard's eyes, whose swelling soul was fir'd
With just disdain, tho' not with strength inspir'd,
To meet the efforts of his dastard foes,
Who ne'er cou'd crush his spirit* with their blows.

* Mens invicta manet.
The mind remains unconquered.

Banyan Birth-Day.

Dick, to the precepts of his master true,
Ne'er fail'd to keep instruction still in view;
Of lively parts—he was held up to be
A pattern for his young fraternity.
But what impell'd his conduct most at school,
Was this injustice of maternal rule;
Since time to learning giv'n, by others fear'd,
To Richard most acceptable appear'd.
Thus when the wonted hour for school was come,
On wings of speed he hasten'd from his home;
And when time urg'd him to return again,
His pace was slow—his bosom fraught with pain:
Making the ancient adage thus to fail,
That pictures school-boy's pace—the lagging snail*.
Three years had thus successive roll'd away,
Which brought our Dick to his tenth natal day†;

* And then the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school." SHAKESPEARE.

† Referring back to the year 1778, when war was declared against France.

The Mendicant Sailor.

Auspicious epoch, whence the muse must date
The source primeval of its hero's fate.
No treat, poor boy, on this account was thine,
No sweet plumb-cake, nor luscious currant wine;
No holiday the annual feast bespoke,
Compell'd to suffer still th' unwelcome yoke.
From school our Dick at mid-day being led,
To share the wonted meal—found, begging bread,
A vet'ran sailor, whose truth-speaking scars
Avouch'd him Neptune's son, bred up to wars.
Some silv'ry locks his polish'd front array'd,
Bar'd was his head—for the right hand display'd
The weather-beaten hat, of brim bereft,
While an oak stick was grasp'd within the left;
A tatter'd jacket, and blue trowsers torn,
Serv'd as sole cov'rings of his frame forlorn,
For thro' each gaping rent his limbs were seen,
Expos'd to winds of ev'ry tempest keen;
His blister'd feet no friendly covering bore,
And wounding flints had dy'd his flesh with gore;

The Mendicant Sailor.

He stood a statue, to make feeling weep,
The living *Belisarius** of the deep.
Struck with the sight, our little hero stood,
Thrill'd by the impulse which impels to good;
Great were the thoughts which then his breast inspir'd,
But scant the means to act as he desir'd;
By melting charity thus taught to feel,
His mind confess'd the suppliant's just appeal;
Give a poor famish'd tar a crust of bread,
Contain'd a volume, tho' 'twas all he said;

* This renowned general, who lived in the degenerate and effeminate age of Justinian, Emperor of Constantinople, renewed all the glorious battles, victories, and triumphs of the most celebrated æra of the Roman republic; notwithstanding which, he experienced that ingratitude from his royal master, which had been so frequently experienced by the greatest men, in more remote ages, and particularly among the Athenians; whose fickle conduct is proverbial.—Belisarius, after a life of military glory, was reduced to poverty, and is said, in his old age, to have been obliged to beg in public for his support; on which occasion, it is stated, that he made use of the following words, in order to touch his hearers with compassion:—

"Date obolum Belisario."
Give a farthing to Belisarius.

Poverty repulsed.

Still on his weather beaten furrow'd face
Dick silent gaz'd, as tears in piteous chase
Roll'd down his cheeks, while fancy made him draw
A ship-wreck'd Crusoe in the form he saw.
" Go, vagrant, from the door," a voice exclaim'd:
Dick knew the speaker, and shrunk back asham'd;
It was his step-dame, who the boon refus'd,
And one of Albion's champions thus abus'd.
Scarce had Dick yielded to th' indignant glow
That fir'd his breast, ere a reproving blow
Fell on our stripling's head, while taunts severe,
For losing time, were thunder'd in his ear.
The suppliant seaman shook his hoary head,
And turn'd aside, while in his face was read
Contempt for her who had abus'd his woes,
While for his little friend the tear arose,
Conveying gratitude for what was meant—
Since well he knew the stripling's kind intent,
Who to the threshold urg'd—look'd once behind,
And tow'rd the sailor, on the passing wind,

The cheerless Meal and Tester.

Wafted a sigh, the index of his soul,
Where true philanthropy held firm controul.
Plac'd at the board, our hero felt no wish
To prove partaker of the ample dish;
The vet'ran's semblance stood before his sight,
To rob him of his wonted appetite:
The meal concluded, Richard left his stool,
Took satchel up, and straight prepar'd for school:
When lo! his father, with a smile of joy,
Exclaim'd—"My Dick! why 'tis thy birth-day, boy;
"Here is a tester, which I'd have thee store,
"For sixpence hoarded will bring sixpence more."
With that our lad receiv'd the proffer'd gift,
But ne'er attention paid to grov'ling thrift.
His mind then cherish'd a far diff'rent thought,
With other plans his little brain was fraught;
He left the roof paternal, and, for once,
Of book prov'd heedless as an arrant dunce,
On wings of speed, by genuine feelings led,
The little harbinger of comfort fled;

The Charity of Innocence.

Hope, fondest nurse, impell'd his bright career,
While angels smiling, shed th' approving tear:
He fled—for what? That mendicant to find,
So late repuls'd by language most unkind;
Nor fruitless prov'd the toil.—He found the tar,
Who, spent with labour, had not journey'd far,
For sleeping 'neath a shed in tranquil state,
His wrongs he pardon'd, and forgot his fate.
Tho' anxious, Dick determined still to curb
His soul's desires—nor calm repose disturb;
And thus in silence he the slumb'rer ey'd—
Virtue the impulse—charity the guide.
Oblivion soon the senses' bandage broke,
And from his trance the wretched tar awoke;
When lo! his eyes upon the stripling fix'd,
Feeling beheld, and innocence commix'd;
Richard in silence, with expanding heart,
Approach'd, the balm of pity to impart;
Forgetting what his parent bade him do,
Within the beggar's hat the piece he threw;

The Sailor's Complaint.

And with the action felt internal thrill,
That whisper'd, he had not been doing ill*.
" God bless thy little heart!" the seaman said;
" With this, good master, I shall get some bread:
" And may'st thou never feel my want and woe,
" Is all the pray'r a sailor can bestow."
Still Dick was mute; he felt keen pangs oppress
The pow'rs of utt'rance at the man's distress:
Who, after pausing, thus anew bespoke,
" 'Tis hard, my honest lad, but I've not broke
" Since yesternoon my fast, or comfort found
" Though journeying many a tedious mile of ground;
" I little thought that I shou'd now be cast,
" After hard fighting thus to beg at last:
" In war I've brav'd full many a hardy shock,
" With *Matthews*†, *Rowley*, *Cornwall*, and *Lestock*;

* Murus æneus conscientia sana.
A sound conscience is a brazen wall of defence.

† Thomas Matthews, the English admiral, was a native of Glamorganshire. He commanded in the Mediterranean in

Cornwall and Hawke.

" *Cornwall*, my captain, when the fleets combin'd,
" So desp'rate fought, they scarce the flag resign'd;
" Commander brave, whom I yet grieve to tell,
" That day, off Toulon, like a Briton fell.
" What thinks our gallant *Hawke**, at times like these,
" And *Rodney*† too, with whom I've plough'd the seas:

1744, and fought an obstinate, but indecisive, battle off Toulon, with the combined fleets, in which the brave Captain Cornwall was killed. Owing to his not being supported by Lestock, his second in command, Admiral Matthews failed in gaining a complete victory; notwithstanding which he was dismissed the service, and Lestock was acquitted. Matthews retired to his estate in Wales, and there died in 1751.

Tho' great in death, Britannia glows to view
Her *Cornwall*, *Grenville*, and *Saumarez* too:
In bright distress the guardian form appears,
And crowns with laurels whom she bathes with tears.
And sure some vestige of her ancient fame
In *Hawke* and *Warren*, sprung the rousing flame:
But justice was a farce, and truth a jest,
When those who clear'd a *Lestock*, broke a *West*.

* Edward Lord Hawke, the gallant English admiral, was son of a barrister, and entered the service at an early age. In 1734 he obtained the command of a ship, and distinguished himself in the famous naval victory of 1744, when the British fleet was commanded by Matthews, Lestock, and Rowley.

Naval Victory.

" *Hawke,* in whose ship I serv'd when Mounseer's fleet,
" By *Conflans* headed, we severely beat:

In 1747, he was made rear-admiral of the white, and in the same year defeated the great French fleet, and captured five sail of the line; for which gallant conduct he was created a knight of the bath. In 1759 he met, and completely defeated Conflans; for which a pension of 2000l. per annum was voted to him; and in 1765 he was made vice-admiral of Great Britain and first lord of the admiralty. He was created a peer in 1776, and died in 1781.

Faulkner, in his celebrated poem of the Shipwreck, thus expresses himself, when speaking of this admiral:—

> As when Britannia's empire to maintain,
> Great *Hawke* descends in thunder on the main,
> Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
> And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores;
> Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan,
> The trembling deeps recoil from zone to zone."

CANTO II.

† George Bridges Lord Rodney, of whom I shall have further occasion to speak in the course of the poem, descended from an ancient family in Somersetshire, and was born about 1718. He entered into the service at an early age, and distinguished himself in many actions. In 1759 he obtained a flag, and was employed to bombard Havre de Grace. In 1761 he was sent against Martinico, and for his gallant conduct created knight of the bath; after which, in consequence of a violent electioneering contest for Northamptonshire, and

The Tar's Despondency.

" I, who for England dar'd each bloody strife,
" And priz'd her honour far beyond my life,
" Wounded, forgotten, and in age past by,
" Thus turn'd adrift—perhaps for want to die."
The vet'ran paus'd—our hero shook his head—
Index of grief, for what had just been said.
When lo! the seaman, quitting his hard birth,
Arising slowly from our parent earth,
Exclaim'd, as smiles his countenance array'd,
" Spite of all rubs, I dearly love my trade;

other causes, he became so reduced in his finances, as to seek an asylum on the continent, where, in the American war, he had the most brilliant offers made him by the Count de Sartine, to enter into the French service; these he rejected with the spirit of an Englishman; of which conduct the count liberally made the British government acquainted: when Rodney was recalled, and obtained a command. In 1780 he defeated the Spanish fleet, which was soon after followed by a more splendid victory, and the capture of the Spanish admiral, Don Juan de Langara. But the most important exploit of this officer, was the defeat of the French fleet, under the Count de Grasse, on the 12th of April, 1782, in which the French admiral and many of his ships were taken. For this service he was created a peer, and obtained a pension. His lordship died in 1792.

A satisfactory Argument.

" For tho' hard fortune hath my colours doft,
" Messmates I have whom she hath rais'd aloft:
" All can't be rich alike, that's *sartin sure*;
" So 'twas Jack's lot to be among the poor."
The stripling's hand the tar then warmly prest,
Dumb eloquence his furrow'd visage drest;
He look'd the gratitude his tongue would speak,
Whose utt'rance prov'd for feeling far too weak.
" How long," quoth Richard, " hast thou been at sea?"
" How long?" quoth Jack, " When just as old as thee;
" A little powder-monkey's birth I fill'd,
" And in each duty of my post was skill'd;
" From which young age I've serv'd my life complete,
" On board one half our sov'reign's gallant fleet;
" From brig to first-rate I have fought, to show
" How soundly British tars cou'd drub the foe.
" Or, when at peace, in traders I've ta'en trips,
" Sailing to east and west in merchants' ships;
" True heart of oak, I've never prov'd a skulk,
" Till now disabled, I'm laid up an hulk."

The School-Boys' Hour of Play.

" Whither from hence," quoth Dick, " dost wend thy way?"
" I'm bound for Portsmouth, lad, in hopes of pay;
" And a certificate alike ensure,
" Whereby a decent birth I may procure."
While yet the seaman spoke, the solemn bell
Of village clock proclaim'd the evening knell;
That welcome hour, when school boys, freed from care,
Rush forth impetuous, evening sports to share.
Our Dick, alarm'd to hear the well-known chime,
For he had paid no note to fleeting time;
Bade to our honest tar a quick adieu,
And sped so fast—he did not run—but flew.
When at the church arriv'd, he heard aloud,
The blithsome halloos of the pressing crowd,
Which onward rushing—soon the crew discern'd
Our Dick, tow'rd whom the phalanx instant turn'd,
Eager to know why he from school had staid,
Where and with whom the truant he had play'd:

Unmerited Disgrace.

By goadings of ill-nature some inspir'd,
Told how the master had for him inquir'd;
Others for worlds wou'd not be in his shoes,
Since nothing wou'd the lash of birch excuse.
Such were the tidings that assail'd his ears,
Of import to excite his bosom's fears,
And thus tow'rd home his lagging steps were bent,
With heavy heart, presaging sad event.
'Tis said, that slander speeds with rapid pace,
And swift had flown the news of Dick's disgrace,
For, on arriving at his father's door,
Malevolence* he found had sped before;
A tale rehearsing 'gainst the little youth,
Endow'd with ev'ry requisite but *truth*.
Stern was his father's look—his mother's eye
Shot forth the lightnings of malignancy;

* No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the sland'rous tongue?
SHAKESPEARE.

While her spoil'd offspring, glad to act their parts,
Display'd the triumph of ignoble hearts.
" Sirrah !" the stripling's angry sire exclaim'd,
" To act the truant art thou not asham'd;
" And pass with vagabonds those hours away,
" Which for the book were meant, and not for play ?"
Mute was the parent—when our lad replied,
Flush'd with a conscious and approving pride,
" Father, 'tis true, to school I have not been,
" And yet in action I am free from sin;
" No idle vagrants cou'd my steps allure,
" And if I err'd, it was to serve the poor."
Dick was proceeding, when his step-dame's tongue,
Shrill in his ear a peal abusive rung;
And her last words bade him anon produce,
The sixpence giv'n so lately for his use.
Our boy, with innate rectitude impress'd,
Spurn'd a base falsehood, and the fact confess'd;
With speech unvarnish'd all the tale declar'd,
Concealing only what his feelings shar'd.

Rebuke and Castigation.

" Peace, vile deceiver!" cried aloud the dame,
" Who but a child so smooth a lie can frame."
" Father," quoth Dick, ne'er heeding what she spoke,
" I've told the fact, nor cast o'er truth a cloak."
" 'Tis false, base viper!" cried th' enfuriate shrew;
With shake of head Dick's sire did then renew
The language of reproof, and gave the lie
To honest Richard's pure philanthropy.
Our lad to these revilings listen'd mute,
And bore a caning most severe to boot;
Which, for contemning his own sire's command,
For sixpence spent—was dealt with his own hand.
This was not all—the stripling then was told,
His punishment would be increas'd sev'n-fold,
When he next morn should be dispatch'd to school,
And also wear on head the cap of fool.
Which threat concluded, Dick, with downcast head,
And supperless, was straight dispatch'd to bed;
But not to rest, for sleep his eye-lids left,
By aching thoughts, of that soft balm bereft:

Conclusive Reasoning.

" If I did wrong," said he, " one beating sure
" Is quite enough—then why should I endure
" To-morrow's flogging, and in public wear
" The fool's badge, and my playmates' jeerings bear;
" Hath not our parson said—' That to ensure
" A place above, we should assist the poor ;'—
" And for obedience to this dictate true,
" Shame and the rod have thus become my due."
Dick on his pallet restless turned around,
Reason was puzzled, for no sense was found ;
Thoughts in succession follow'd thoughts in vain,
His conscience pure, confess'd no guilty stain;
He felt as one who on himself doth draw
The laws' punition—not offending law *.
A self approving pride his bosom nerv'd,
He spurn'd a punishment thus undeserv'd :

* Insita hominibus natura violentiæ resistere.
TACITUS.

To resist violence is implanted in the nature of man.

A sudden Inspiration.

His step-dame's cruelty next struck his mind,
Whose baleful sway his sire made thus unkind:
While still the more his sorrows to increase,
Her children's hate ne'er left his mind at peace.
While thus our hero held a self-debate,
He sudden thought upon the seaman's fate,
Recall'd those words that rais'd his drooping heart,
Whereby the grateful vet'ran did impart
The love he cherish'd still tow'rd ocean's trade,
Which tho' unkind to him, had others made.
" Why should not I," quoth Richard, " like poor Jack,
" Fly from injustice, and pursue the track,
" Which he adopted, when but child like me,
" Earning his bread a sailor-boy at sea?"
The thought, like inspiration, thrill'd our lad,
His heart heav'd high, his beamy eyes look'd glad,
He sprang from bed, by fervid impulse press'd,
Which stirs to momentary deeds the breast;
No thoughts of fear the action cou'd impede,
Fate marshall'd on to this auspicious deed;

The Escape.

Nor midnight gloom, nor stillness of the hour,
Fatigue, nor hunger, cou'd allay that pow'r,
Which urg'd the tender stripling forth to roam,
And on the wide world seek a kinder home.
Long were the cottage tenants lull'd to rest,
When anxious Richard, being quickly dress'd,
Soft op'd the door, and gliding on with care,
Stole cautious down each crazy oaken stair;
From whence, being simply guarded by a latch,
He thro' the back-door pass'd, where 'neath a thatch,
The cattle shelter'd lay, secure and warm,
From damps unwholesome, or th' inclement storm;
Thro' night's dun robe the gemmy brightness shone,
Like diamonds studding o'er an ebon zone;
While oft the moon her silv'ry radiance threw,
Converting sable to the darkest blue.
Dick, who of travellers had seen an host,
Tow'rd Portsmouth driving thro' the village post,
That road well knew, so thither sped in haste,
And left the hamlet soon in dark'ning waste.

Gradual breaking of Morn.

Impell'd by ardent hopes, his little feet
In march proceeded, steadily and fleet;
Silence around held scepter'd empire drear,
'Twas the lone hour, when guilt, appall'd by fear,
From goadings of compunction fain wou'd speed,
And blot from mem'ry out the rankling deed:
By no such dread impress'd, our hero view'd
The solemn scene, and bold his track pursu'd;
Darkness no omens had, his mind to fray,
Night to the good is just the same as day.
Thus pass'd the murky hours—when grey-ey'd dawn,
In misty streaks bespoke the coming morn;
On eastern expanse was its influence spread,
While o'er the west still hung night's curtain dread.
Now ruddier streaks proclaim'd Aurora near,
Ambrosial herald of day's charioteer;
Whose coral lips the dews nectareous bear,
Whose rosy fingers plait his yellow hair;
Thus mingling colours to th' enchanted view,
Lacing with pink and gold etherial blue;

Hunger and Fatigue.

Last rising, clad in all its dazzling pride,
Day's orb appears and crowns th' horizon wide,
Indignant drives night's ling'ring shades away,
And nature's bosom robes in brilliant day.
Long had the shrill gorg'd cock, in clarion strains,
Arous'd to toil the children of the plains;
The busy hum increasing, swells around,
From mattin choristers the notes resound;
While trudging to his work the plodding hind,
Whistles some ditty to the passing wind.
Six hours our lad had journey'd on his road,
When gnawing hunger 'gan at length to goad;
'Gainst want his thriftless mind no store had sought,
No coin had he—no food the stripling brought;
His aching limbs their load cou'd scarce sustain,
And each foot lazy lagg'd, o'ercome with pain.
Sickness at length subdu'd his tender form,
He sunk—a flower just batter'd by the storm,
And near the foot path sought earth's grassy bed,
While on a bank reclin'd his drooping head;

A Sailor's Feelings.

Remembrance of the past at once forgot,
Death to his soul appear'd the certain lot.
But fate then interpos'd.—By heav'n's decree,
Bright mercy's arm repell'd the destiny:
For lo! that very tar, to whom our boy
His sixpence gave with such heart-thrilling joy,
Having from others too relief procur'd,
And in a barn a lodging warm ensur'd,
Had there that night with soundest sleep been blest,
For toil ensures sweet renovating rest*;
And when dull night her cloudy race had ran,
His march with courage he anew began;
While in his pouch he found the welcome store,
Of meats collected at the farmer's door.
As thus proceeding, he our youth descried,
Stretch'd nearly lifeless by the highway side;

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* ——————— Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

CYMBELINE.

Quitting the road, our vet'ran straight drew near,
And knelt, the fugitive's sunk frame to rear:
He gaz'd in pity at death's ashy hue,
He gaz'd—he started—for the face he knew.
"Great God, 'tis he!" the tar impetuous cried;
"The boy whose charity my wants supplied:"
He spake no more, for feeling then had place,
And tears rain'd plenteous down his rugged face;
By pity urg'd, the sailor in this need,
His fost'ring aid applied with eager speed;
Hung o'er the object of his care with pain,
Until his languid eyes unclos'd again.
In tones tho' rude, and language void of art,
His lips then breath'd the workings of his heart:
When Dick, in accents scarcely understood,
Faulter'd—"I die for want—Oh! give some food."
The seaman quick produc'd his broken meat,
Which to our lad appear'd a sumptuous treat;
And while partaking of the food—for drink
Our sailor sped—who, at a brook's clear brink

Hunger the best Sauce.

Soon made an halt—when, beating in the crown
Of his old weather-beaten beaver brown,
He in the same convey'd the welcome draught,
Whereof our hero plentifully quaff'd;
Who dwelling thoughtful on the vet'ran's care,
Perceiv'd the hand of Providence was there;
Who thus ordain'd that very man shou'd be
Its instrument—who shar'd his charity.
Soon as recruited nature wou'd allow,
With frankness Richard did his tale avow,
Proclaim'd his ardent wish to plough the main,
Determin'd he wou'd not go back again.
Tho' fatherly advice the seaman gave,
Dick firm remain'd the son of ocean's wave;
With ardor boasted that inborn desire,
Which kindled in his soul true naval fire:
For with such energy our stripling spoke,
He seem'd inspir'd—an unfledg'd heart of oak.
And from our list'ning tar these words then drew,
Prognostics of the fate that wou'd ensue—

The Tar's Prognostic.

" My gallant lad, this spirit which appears,
" Shou'd it but ripen with increasing years,
" Will teach thy soul each threat'ning ill to brave,
" And give thee fortune, or an hero's grave."
Dick on the vet'ran bent his ardent eyes,
" If I were rich," said he, " I'd share the prize;
" Nor should one sailor be of comfort 'reft,
" Whilst I'd a farthing in my pocket left."
Quoth Jack, who Richard's hand then warmly press'd,
" I know thou art a friend to the distress'd;
" Nor shalt thou lack support upon the road,
" Whilst I can beg, and find thee an abode;
" 'Twixt this and Portsmouth, where our cruize will end,
" We've thirty miles to go, my little friend;
" Nor will I leave thee, but with this tough arm
" And trusty stick, protect thee from all harm,
" Till thou art stow'd beyond the reach of dread,
" On board some king's ship riding at Spithead."
Dick look'd, the thanks his tongue wou'd fain reveal,
While Jack scrap'd up the remnants of his meal.

Energy of Youth.

Our little hero next, with mind acute,
Began to dread his father's prompt pursuit;
And by such fears impell'd, he felt endued
With energies, and wish'd their march renew'd.
The seaman urg'd a doubt lest Richard's strength
Should fail, did he prolong the journey's length:
But Dick sprang up, exclaiming—"Fear not me,
"I *must* learn hardships, now I'm bound for sea*."
Nor did he fail, for by the close of day,
With Jack ten miles he'd work'd the destin'd way;
While with the alms procur'd all wants were fed,
And in a loft their pence ensur'd a bed,
Made of the cleanest straw, whereon repos'd,
Their heavy lids by soundest sleep were clos'd.
Next morn by times, of slumbers sweet beguil'd,
With aching limbs arose our little child:

* Dick might well have exclaimed with Horace—

Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes.

To whatsoever quarter the storm may blow, it bears me as wa illing guest.

The Portsmouth Post-Boy.

Strong was his wish to gain the journey's end,
Nor less desirous felt his vet'ran friend,
Who from the resting-place arose to go,
O'erjoy'd to take his little charge in tow.
Ten miles they travers'd, and had still ten more
To conquer, as they stopp'd at ale-house door,
To quaff of porter a refreshing sup,
New strength inspiring to keep spirits up.
It hap'd a post-boy did with chaise await,
From job returning, to let horses bait;
Who had, for driving gen'rous sailors, earn'd
A store of cash, as they from cruize return'd
With rhino flush—when he'd from Portsmouth oft,
Driv'n doxies inside, and their tars aloft*:

* The following note is not intended as an elucidation of the above lines to any naval characters, as to them it would be quite superfluous; but as many of my readers may be unacquainted with the proceedings in sea-port towns, it is, perhaps, requisite to inform them, that when sailors are flush of money, they will hire post-chaises for their girls, and parade the streets of Portsmouth and Plymouth; the ladies being within side, while the jolly tars mount deck, as they

The Portsmouth Post-Boy.

Having with folded arms some moments ey'd,
Our stripling hero and his honest guide,
The post-boy, giving whip a hearty smack,
Thus spoke our tar—" How fares it, honest Jack?
" Damme, my old one, times with thee look bad,
" Whither art bound—and who's this younker lad
" That seems, like thee, in spirits somewhat low;
" Are ye for this here road that I'm to go?
" For if to Portsmouth, I'll not turn adrift,
" For lack of pay, two souls that want a lift."
" God love thy honest heart!" return'd the tar;
" As for myself, d'ye see, I'd journey far,
" 'Tis this young stripling doth assistance need:
" And may heav'n bless thee for the friendly deed."
Our vet'ran pausing, rais'd the pewter pot,
To tender drink—but he had quite forgot

term it; which is riding on the roof of the vehicle, where, in a state of intoxication, they will frequently dance, while the carriage proceeds; to the no small astonishment and terror of the beholder, who every moment expects no less than to see the mad-brained sailor dashed headlong upon the pavement.

A Briton's Toast.

That all the bev'rage it so late contain'd,
The thirst of Richard and himself had drain'd.
He blush'd confession with a sadden'd glance,
When Tom the driver, viewing the mischance,
Spake not a word, but to the landlord ran,
Commanding him to bring another can;
Which done, the British navy was the toast,
"Here's d—m *Mounseer!*—May England rule the roast:"
The liquor drank—Tom kindly paid the score,
The chaise they enter'd, when he clos'd the door,
Jump'd on the bar, and driving pace sedate,
Ere three hours sat them down at Portsmouth gate,
Where he receiv'd the heart-felt thanks, his due,
And heard—Good bye—pronounc'd with feelings true.
Jack with his charge to ale-house bent his way,
In Capstain Square, where hangs the Pack-Horse gay*.

*The Pack-Horse is the sign of a public-house in Capstain Square, Portsmouth; perfectly well known to all frequenters of that sea-port, as a great house of resort for the common sailors.

An old Friend at the Pack Horse.

Who on arriving join'd a jovial crew,
Of brother sailors, one of whom he knew;
When having warmly shook each other's hand,
The tar gave vet'ran Jack to understand,
That safe the ship Achilles lay secur'd,
With her commander, then at Spithead moor'd;
Who next morn wou'd Port Admiral attend,
"When captain, sure," said he, "will be thy friend,
"Get thee the money which has long been due,
"And sign certificate for Greenwich too."
With this anon he order'd in some prog,
And bad Jack broach a rummer full of grog;
Talk'd of old times, and then of Dick in turn,
As how the boy was *Tar* from stem to stern;
Wish'd him success, and when on parting bent,
Paid down the bill, and Jack five shillings lent;
That he might viands buy, and get a bed,
To rest our hero's and his hoary head.

Dick nominated to the Achilles.

Next morn old Jack to Richard prov'd escort,
And led him early to the *Sally Port* *,
Where soon he saw the sailor's waft their charge,
Achilles' captain, in his twelve-oar'd barge;
With well-tim'd strokes each buoyant wave they cleft,
And neatly feather'd oars, both right and left;
While cockswain, sov'reign of his little realm,
Manag'd with steady hand his sceptre-helm.
Soon as on shore the brave commander came,
Jack scrap'd obeisance—then made known his name;
And when the story of his wants was heard,
When our old seaman his just claims preferr'd;
The captain to his plea attention lent,
And crown'd his wishes with a kind assent;
Then turning to our Dick—demanded who
The stripling was, and what he meant to do?

* A place at Portsmouth, where officers of the navy get into their barges to go on board, or come on shore.

Dick nominated to the Achilles.

"Ant' please your honour," quoth the tar with joy,
"The younker wants to be a sailor-boy;
"And if so be as how," Jack scratch'd his head;
When straight divining all he would have said,
The captain told our tar, that for his sake,
In his own ship the little dog he'd take;
Bade him for the Achilles soon prepare,
And strive by conduct to secure his care.
The sailor bow'd, while Dick attentive stood,
His only thanks—"I'll strive to do what's good!"
The converse ceas'd, when lo! ere setting sun,
Was all the business of our vet'ran done:
The cash was paid—certificate safe sign'd—
And Dick had got a station to his mind.

A birth at Greenwich being now Jack's due,
And having got th' expected rhino too,
Our tar, whose heart for Dick with ardor glow'd,
Rememb'ring still the sixpence he'd bestow'd,

The Cabin-Boy equipped for Sea.

Straight call'd to mind our hero's friendless plight,
And how for sea he was but poorly dight;
Led to a slop-shop then our little tar,
And rigg'd him out, fit for a man of war:
Chose a gay spick-span flannel jacket blue,
White trowsers, and of check shirts furnish'd two;
Of shoes a second pair, and hose to boot;
Then having bargain'd for Dick's village suit,
In cash the overplus our vet'ran paid,
Right glad to see young Richard thus array'd.
The little lad wou'd fain have thanks preferr'd;
"Avast!" cried Jack, "I will not hear a word:
"When I, half-famish'd, was expell'd each door,
"You prov'd my friend, and I must pay the score;
"'Tis an account, wherein the balance due,
"The debtor mindfully shou'd keep in view,
"Just feelings claim, no changes can efface,
"'Tis a bill drawn at sight, and needs no grace;
"And there's a proverb, Dick, by which you learn—
"That one good act another claims in turn."

One good turn deserves another.

All things arrang'd, next morn Dick took his seat
In boat with Jack, and gain'd the British fleet;
Nimbly tript up the great Achilles side,
And pac'd the deck, as if, in conscious pride,
He sudden felt the impulse of his fate,
That whisper'd—Dick, one day thou shalt be great.
Jack with his former messmates having made
For Richard friends, on board till evening staid;
When he our little boy prepar'd to leave,
Whose tears fast flow'd—whose bosom 'gan to heave.
"Tush! wipe thine eyes," quoth Jack, tho' even he
The impulse own'd, of melting sympathy;
Strove, but in vain, the sad'ning thoughts to chase,
And banish sorrow's drop, that gemm'd his face.
"Good bye," quoth Jack, who Richard's hand still
press'd—
Mute was our boy, his soul with pain distress'd;
The vet'ran striving still dull care to drown,
Within his palm deposited a crown;
His little clay-cold hand with fervour grasp'd,
While Dick convulsively his patron's clasp'd.

The Farewell.

The sailor bent a look o'er ocean wide,
And bless'd our lad, descending the ship's side;
Then loud exclaim'd, when seated in the boat,
" Good bye—God bless thee, lad—and now afloat,
" Think of poor Jack, as he will think of thee,
" Safe moor'd at Greenwich, where he soon will be."
Dick heard no more—the bark soon cleft afar
The briny deep, and left our little tar
To weep his loss with sentiments innate,
The world his fortune, and his guardian Fate.

END OF CANTO I.

THE

SAILOR-BOY.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Vices of the village.—A step-mother's malignity.—Flight discovered. —Injustice meets its due punition.—The Greenwich pensioner and his prognostic.—Richard's cot, and a sleepless night —Breakfast, and boatswain's whistle.—Nautical tuition.—The challenge, with a pugilistic contest.—Dick victorious, yet not unmindful of mercy. —An unexpected intrusion, with the captain's admiration of our hero.—Sir E—n N—p—n, or naval merit rewarded.—Richard a jack of all trades.—His simple narrative, and recompence.— Heaving the anchor described.—Preparations for sailing.—Getting under way.—The cliffs of Britain, and parting retrospection.—The farewell.—Boatswain's pipe and the whistle, an insignia of honour. —The eight bells.—Old naval tactics.—Descrying an enemy's fleet. —Clearing ship for action.—An awful moment.—The broadside.— Description of the gunner's employment.—Richard serves as a powder-monkey.—The magazine of a man of war.—Blowing up of the Boyne and Amphion.—Wounded sea-boy, and the cock-pit.— The commander disabled, with two to one.—Feeling of a grateful soul.—End of the contest.—Dick's inherent tenderness.—Land a head.—Casting the anchor.—Heart of oak for ever.

THE

SAILOR-BOY.

CANTO II.

Explorant adversa viros. Perque aspera dura
Nititur ad laudem virtus interrita clivo.

Silius Italicus.

Adversity tries men; but virtue struggles after fame, regardless of the adverse heights.

HER theme once more the willing muse essays,
And to the village tunes anew her lays,
But not to celebrate those rustic joys,
Which vice ne'er taints, ambition ne'er destroys;
Far diff'rent are the objects she must sing,
If harsh the notes, truth still shall strike the string;
For tho' great crimes attend on wealth and state,
The lowly still in sinning may be *great:*

Disappointed Malignity.

Our hero's step-dame, with malignant heart,
Eager the lad should feel at school the smart,
For truant having play'd the former eve,
And sixpence squander'd without parent's leave;
Her pillow left, with rancour fell to wake
The little boy, and make his spirits quake;
The room she enter'd, when her churlish tongue,
With harsh tones straight surrounding vacuum wrung,
She bade the sluggard stripling quit his bed;
But silence reign'd:—When by her anger led
To deal a blow, she to the pallet flew:
But all in vain, no Richard met her view:
She paus'd with wonder—when her thoughts anon,
Told her the fear-fraught lad from home was gone;
That, urg'd by terror, in some neighb'ring cot,
He strove to 'scape at school the destin'd lot.
When straight to Richard's sire the news was told,
With heart felt pleasure of a vicious scold,

Paternal Anguish.

Anxious to view correction two-fold fall,
On destin'd victim of her ranc'rous gall*.
Some hours ensued, but fruitless prov'd the search,
Our hero's flight had left them in the lurch;
And thus in vain expectance fled the morn,
When Richard's father, by compunction torn,
Proffer'd rewards to any village swain
Who should restore to cot his boy again:
The die was cast—the parent left to moan—
From foes and stripes the captive lad was flown.
Each passing day the parent still deplor'd,
Since fleeting time no well-belov'd restor'd;
Mem'ry then pictur'd to his woe-worn mind
Dick's dawning virtues, and the fate unkind,

* ——————— Minuti
Semper & infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio.

JUVENAL.

Revenge is always the pleasure of a little, weak, and narrow mind.

Which from the dame he long had learn'd to bear,
Who now in turn the lash was doom'd to share,
Of fatal retribution for each deed,
Which oft had made the stripling's bosom bleed.
Her arts no longer cou'd the husband 'lure,
His soul a wound had felt beyond all cure;
From coldness soon he ey'd her with disgust,
Then loath'd his dame as hateful source accurs'd,
Of that fell loss which now embitter'd life,
His son—fond pledge of a departed wife.
In vain her arts the cruel step-dame tries,
The pang paternal each attempt defies;
In vain her tutor'd children strive to please,
Their smiles augment disgust, but ne'er appease;
Till wearied out, and urg'd by mutual hate,
They gladly both agree to separate*;

* The step-dame of my hero completely identifies the following line of Juvenal, who says—

Nulla fere causa est in qua non femina litem
Moverit.

Injustice punished.

She and her offspring thenceforth doom'd to live
On such allowance as her spouse cou'd give.
Thus ended ev'ry struggle of the dame,
Her wiles despis'd—her malice turn'd to shame;
And may such fate on her for ever tend,
Who proves the infant's foe in lieu of friend.
Meantime the father of our honest lad
Yields silent to his fate, with feelings sad,
From day to day our hero's loss bemoans,
And oft disturbs night's gloom with heavy groans,
Prays that the hour which speaks approaching death,
May yield his child, to sooth his parting breath;
On him the earnings of his life bestow,
And witness from his lips the blessings flow.

The village tale here quit we for a time,
And turn to other themes the willing rhyme,

There are few disputes in life, which may not, on tracing, be found to originate with a woman.

Each duty of the stripling to impart,
His prompt obedience, and undaunted heart,
As in the bloody fray his panting soul
With furor burn'd, to gain fame's glorious goal.
Yet soft, nor let us here forget to note
Our vet'ran Jack, equipp'd in fine blue coat,
True Greenwich Pensioner, whose toils at sea
Gave him just title to that charity:
And as with brother tars he sat to booze,
Of battles talk'd, and many a famous cruize;
Still 'midst the converse never was forget
The tale of Richard, and his destin'd lot;
With love paternal then our tar inflam'd,
The bright prognostics of our boy proclaim'd,
As how, all those who liv'd to see the time,
When little Dick shou'd grow to manhood's prime,
Would view him to promotion quickly rise,
And by his conduct gain the hero's prize;
Which to ensure, his health was drank around,
While Jack's loud cheerings made the room resound:

The Prognostic.

Thus safely moor'd, we'll bid our tar adieu,
To Dick return, and the Achilles' crew;
Richard, whom late the sorrowing bard display'd,
In all the eloquence of grief array'd,
Tow'rd him once more the herald muse takes wing,
O'erjoy'd anew the Sea-boy's song to sing,
And strains rehearse, that must some friend's command,
The theme of nature tun'd with truth's firm hand.

Sad o'er the vessel's side the stripling hung,
While heart-felt pangs his aching bosom wrung*;
Till gliding swift, the boat no more was seen,
Which bore the tar so late o'er floods of green.
As pensive still our hero hung his head,
The boatswain's shrill note pip'd all hands to bed,

* Est quædam flere voluptas
Expletur lacrymis, egeriturque dolor.
OVID.

There is a certain pleasure in weeping; grief finds in tears both a satisfaction and a cure.

The Cot, and a sleepless Night.

When one old tar, whom Jack had left to be
The friend of Dick, now he was bound for sea,
In tones, tho' gruff, yet language kind, address'd
The sobbing youth, whose hand he warmly press'd,
Bade him for Jack no longer sigh and weep,
But seek a birth where he might snugly sleep;
Which counsel giv'n, our silent child of woe,
Passive obey'd, and instant went below,
Where by the sailor's kindness soon was slung
A little hammock, wherein Dick was hung,
Who vainly courted sleep:—for o'er his soul
The thoughts of Jack departed—held controul.
Nor seldom singly comes grief's poignant thrill,
One woe's the harbinger of second ill;
From thoughts of Jack his fond rememb'rance turn'd,
To grief paternal—and his bosom yearn'd;
For mem'ry then of private ills was 'reft,
His mind's eye dwelt upon a parent left,
Whose soul relenting, and o'erfraught with pain,
E'en then, perchance, on Richard call'd in vain:

The Breakfast, and Boatswain's Call.

Thus restless roll'd away each lagging hour,
Till worn-out nature own'd sleep's balmy pow'r,
The stripling thus by lulling Somnus bless'd,
Obedient yielded to the willing guest;
Laying entranc'd, till boatswain pip'd anew,
The breakfast summons to the jovial crew;
Our youth beside the friendly tar then sat,
And of his morning's meal but little ate,
Strove from his thoughts dark sadness to efface,
And with bright smiles array his pretty face.
The meal concluded, straight the gen'rous tar
'Gan Dick instruct about a man of war *.
Which was the mizen, foremast, and the main,
Stem, stern, fore-aft, with ease he cou'd retain;

* A man of war, first-rate, has its gun-deck from 159 to 174 feet in length, and from 44 to 50 feet broad; contains from 1313 to 1882 tons; has from 706 to 800 men; and carries from 64 to 80 guns.

Next dwelt on starboard and the larboard side,
Forecastle*, quarter†, and the main-deck‡ wide;
Pointed the anchor, cable, capstan§ out,
Compass‖ and rudder, to steer ship about;

* *Forecastle*, is that part of the ship beyond where the fore-mast stands.

† *Quarter-deck*, is that part of the hull which leads from the main-mast to the tafferel.

‡ *Main-deck*, is the middle and chief deck of the ship, reaching from her bows to the quarter-deck.

§ *Capstan*, or *Capstern*, a large cylinder of timber, placed perpendicularly, in which there are several holes to put in levers, or capstan bars, to heave, weigh, or draw up any thing heavy.

‖ Now a far world invites the liquid race,
And ocean's vast our intercourse increase;
The use we know, but haply ne'er shall find,
Whence to the pole the *magnet* is inclin'd.
* * * * *
Long may the needle feel the art divine,
To shew the pathless way and wat'ry line;
Pointing the steersman strait o'er convex seas,
Whose mere extent were else a clueless maze:
For, foam the ship tow'rds tropic, line, or pole,
The compass seems her beam, tho' art's her soul.

Instruction continued.

Gang *, hatchways †, poop ‡, tops §, bowsprit, shrouds ||, and sails;

Yards ¶, halliards **, blocks ††, and for the furling brails ‡‡.

* *Gangway*, is that part of the ship where you come up the side to get on board.

† *Hatchway*, are those loose parts of the checker works upon the decks before the main-mast, through which goods are let down into the hold.

‡ *Poop*, is the stern, or hindermost part of the ship, wherein the helm is fixed; also the uppermost part of the stern of a ship's hull; and is the deck over that which is commonly called the captain's cabin.

§ The *Tops* are kind of platforms surrounding the head of the lower mast, from which it projects on all sides.

|| *Shrouds*, are thick ropes stretching from the mast heads downwards to the outside of the ship, serving to support the masts. They are also used as rope-ladders, by which the seamen mount aloft to perform the several duties required about the sails and rigging.

¶ *The Yard* is the pole whereto the sail is affixed.

** *Halliards*, are either single ropes, or tackles, whereby the sails are hoisted up and lowered, when the sail is to be extended or reduced.

†† *Block*, is a strong piece of wood turned in an oval form, containing one or more pullies, on which the ropes move with facility.

‡‡ *Brails*, are the ropes used in furling, or trussing up, the sails to the yards.

Instruction continued.

Head-ropes *, clue-garnets †, bow ‡, and clue-lines §
too;
Lifts ||, roebins ¶, ear-rings **, backstays ††, to sub-
due

* *Head ropes*, are cords whereto the upper parts of the sails are sewed.

† *Clue-garnets*, are ropes used to brace up the sails, or lower corners of the main and foresail, to their respective yards; particularly when the sail is to be close reefed or furled.

‡ *Bowlines*, are ropes used to keep the windward edges of the sail steady, and to prevent it from shaking when the wind proves unfair.

§ *Clue-lines*, are used for the same purposes to all other square sails, as the clue garnets to the sails before mentioned.

|| *Lifts*, are the ropes which extend from the head of any mast to the extremity of its yard, to support the weight of the latter; to retain it in just equilibrium, or to raise one yard-arm higher than the other, which is called *topping*.

¶ *Rope-bands*, or *Roebins*, as they are pronounced, are small cords used to fasten the upper edge of any sail to its particular yard.

** *Earings*, are small cords, by which the upper corners of the principal sails, and also the extremity of the reefs, are fastened to the yard arms.

†† *Backstays*, are ropes extending from the right and left side of the ship to the top-mast heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the effort of the wind on the sails.

Instruction continued.

Rude Boreas, when in angry rage he blows:
The spilling-lines* in tempests to oppose,
And the o'erswelling bosom'd sail confine;
Braces† and top-ropes‡, reef-band§ and reef-line‖;

---

* *Spilling-lines*, are only used on particular occasions in stormy weather, being employed to draw together and confine the belly of the sail when inflated by the wind over the yard.

† *Braces*, are ropes leading to the extremity of every yard-arm, wherewith the yard is braced; in order that the sail may take the wind.

‡ *Top ropes*, are those cords by which the yards are hoisted up from the deck, or lowered again, in stormy weather.

§ *Reef-band*, is a long piece of canvas sewed across the sail, to strengthen the canvas where the eye-let holes of the reef are formed.

‖ *Reef-lines*, are used to reef sails. They are for this purpose passed in spiral turns through the eye-let holes of the reef and over the head of the sails between the rope-band legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, so as to lace the reef close up to the yard.

Instruction continued.

The rolling-tackle*, travellers†, and jears‡,
With parrel§ to hold yard in as wind veers;
Head-rope, whereto the swelling sail is sew'd,
And topping-lift‖ to mizen-yard fast clew'd;
On these, and many more such themes he dwelt,
Till Dick the nautical instruction felt;
And ere one week an answer prompt disclos'd,
To ev'ry question by the tar propos'd.

* *Rolling-tackle*, is an assemblage of pullies, used to confine the yard to the weather side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a rough sea.

† *Travellers*, are slender iron rings, encircling the backstays, and used to facilitate the hoisting, or lowering, of the top-gallant yards, by confining them to the backstays, in their ascent or descent, so as to prevent them from swinging about by the rocking of the ship.

‡ *Jears*, are the same to the main-sail, fore, and mizen, as the Halliards are to all inferior sails. The tye is the upper part of the Jears.

§ The *Parrel*, which is usually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its respective mast.

‖ The *Topping-lift*, which tops the upper end of the mizen yard, serves to balance that sail.

The Challenge.

It hap'd a sea-boy, older than our Dick,
Was then on board, who oft wou'd quarrels pick,
With youngsters unaccustom'd to the trade,
O'er whom he hector'd, and would be obey'd.
One morn as Richard 'gan the shrouds ascend,
This upstart stripling, eager to contend,
With nimble speed left Richard far behind,
And jeer'd him when aloft with taunts unkind,
That he, a mean land-lubber, dar'd not show
His head aloft, but coward sculk'd below.
Whereat the little lad indignant burn'd,
And thus the contumelious threat return'd:
" When I, like you, have two years been on board,
" We'll see who then shall proudly dare to lord."
" D—mme, another word!" the braggart cried,
" And I will soundly lace thy lubber's hide."
" 'Tis easy said," quoth Dick, " but at that fun
" Two lads can talk, you know, as well as one."
Like lightning, to the deck they darted down,
Two game-cocks, eager for the victor's crown,

Dick's Pugilism.

Their jackets and check-shirts were thrown away,
While each his *second* had, to see fair play;
And tho' no Hector and Achilles fought,
With equal fire their little souls were fraught;
True was the stroke, each aim right sure and slow,
And firm clench'd fists, like lightning dealt the blow;
Thrice on the deck had measur'd Dick his length,
And thrice his foe o'ercome by Richard's strength,
They stood like heroes who disdain to yield,
And tho' exhausted, spurn to quit the field;
Thus, pois'd in air, the balance doubtful hung,
When Richard's heart, by vigor newly strung,
Darted like thunder-bolt upon his foe,
And claim'd the laurel by one desp'rate blow*.

* This pugilistic contest brings to the author's mind a similar encounter which took place between a R—l Duke and an admiral still living, who were then serving together as midshipmen, and by which it was obvious that on board a British ship of war no distinction is paid to rank or title; nor can the poet refrain from adding, that the conduct of that R—l personage towards his opponent has, ever since, been characterised by a line of conduct highly honourable to his feelings.

Victory and Mercy.

Stretch'd lay the vanquish'd; while the victor cried,
"I did not dare him—for 'twas he defied*:"
Then gave his hand, in hopes that broils would cease,
And change war's iron sword for palm of peace.
Loud shouts resounded, for the gen'ral cry
Crown'd little Dick with wreath of victory;
Who, with nose reeking, and hands crimson dy'd,
Far from enjoying by the conquest pride,
Lent kind assistance to his prostrate foe,
And drown'd in tears the mem'ry of each blow.

Fate will'd it so—Achilles captain then
From cabin came, who hearing thus his men
With acclamations rend the ambient air,
Sought to discover what was acting there;
And though commanders rarely will appear
From off their deck—he still approach'd to hear,

* Nemo me impune lacessit.
No man provokes me with impunity.

And ascertain himself the very cause
That urg'd his crew to send forth such applause:
He gain'd the spot—the combatants he saw—
While the surrounding tars shrunk back with awe;
First on the vanquish'd stripling bent his gaze,
Next on the victor, source of all this praise,
Who on one knee supported, staunch'd the blood,
Which from his foe then gush'd in crimson flood.
Strongly impell'd by such a feeling sight,
At his command was straight detail'd the fight,
From first to last, nor was that praise reserv'd,
Which tenderness and courage well deserv'd,
Since Dick, tho' youngest, had not flinch'd to meet
His foe, who conquer'd, he cou'd kindly treat.
The brave commander silent heard the whole,
And saw the hero in a stripling's soul;
That very lad whom he so late had ta'en
From Jack, to try his fortune on the main.
With look applauding he our boy survey'd,
An infant Mars by charity array'd;

Sailor-Boy's Merit, with an Anecdote.

And tho' his innate plaudits were retain'd,
Rememb'rance still indelibly remain'd.
Silent one shilling to the boy he threw,
And full of thought, with folded arms withdrew,
On Dick determin'd wary eye to keep,
That, if deserving, *merit* should not sleep;
And so resolv'd he thenceforth wou'd employ
Our little Richard for his chosen boy.
Nor be the theme of sailor lad despis'd,
Conduct, not titles, makes the seaman priz'd;
'Twas this first prompted the late gallant *Reid*,
On board his ship the sailor youth to heed,
N—p—n*, a boy of *Galatea's* crew,
Whose shining merits brought his worth in view;

* The gentleman above alluded to is a native of Cornwall, and was formerly secretary to the port-admiral at Plymouth; when he obtained a place in the treasury, during Earl Shelburne's administration. In 1784 he was appointed one of the commissioners of the privy seal. In 1795 he succeeded Sir P. St---ph---ns as secretary to the admiralty, after which he became secretary in Ireland, and a privy-counsellor; and next a lord of the admiralty in 1805. The talents of this

Which gen'rous patronage at length procur'd
That wealth and title he has since ensur'd.
Dick to his post inducted, strove amain,
When ev'ry action serv'd but to sustain
That good opinion he had late inspir'd,
When by his brave commander first admir'd.
By perseverence, Dick, ere long, endued
With nimble feet, the shrouds courageous clew'd;
No thought of dread appall'd his soul with fright,
His steady brain defied the madd'ning height * ;
To gain the pennant, his aspiring soul
Mounts ev'ry *top*, nor skulks thro' lubbers hole,

---

gentleman have been so universally acknowledged, that any panegyric would become superfluous; the writer will therefore conclude this short sketch of his rise with informing the reader that, in 1802, he was created a baronet of Great Britain, which title he still continues to enjoy.

* Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious surge?
SHAKESPEARE.

And at top-gallant-mast fast clinging, rears
Aloft his hat, and gives aloud three cheers:
Then, like swift lightning, he disdains all check,
And lands the ship's true Mercury on deck.
Our youth still more by ev'ry tar was lov'd,
To whom he oft amanuensis prov'd;
All letters sent for them he'd willing read,
Whether from wife or sweetheart—and, when need
Call'd for reply, he'd soon produce the scrip,
And show the neatness of his penmanship;
By winning gentleness, and deeds thus kind,
By conduct, courage, comprehensive mind,
Throughout the ship was spread our hero's fame,
And naught but goodness coupled with his name.
And though aloud his chief did not caress,
His silence prov'd not that he felt the less,
Staunch was the captain, in whose manly soul
Friendship stood fix'd, as needle to the pole.
Two months our Richard now had been on board,
His brain with practical instruction stor'd,

A simple Narrative.

When he one morn, on wings obedient sped,
By first-lieutenant hail'd, who forthwith led
To captain's cabin our heroic child:
When thus bespoke him his commander mild,
" Cheer up, my boy, nor droop thine head with fear,
" Let me forthwith thy simple story hear;
" Who were thy parents; whence thou cam'st? when late
" From Jack I took compassion on thy fate."
With modest diffidence, our stripling youth
Candid rehears'd th' unvarnish'd tale of truth *,
And as each incident the child confess'd,
Redoubled int'rest thrill'd his hearer's breast;
Who straight dismiss'd him with approving voice,
And commendations for his naval choice.

* Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.
CICERO.

That he should not dare to tell a falsehood, or to leave a truth untold.

The Reward, and heaving Anchor.

Auspicious thus began the youth's career,
Who now was doom'd Bellona's voice to hear.
The sailing orders came—the gallant fleet,
Commanded thus old England's foes to meet;
Each heart swell'd high—nor did young Richard fail,
Who felt a Briton's glow his breast assail;
That fire enthusiastic—inborn sway—
Which gilds the hero's path with glory's ray.
Now thro' the east the matin radiance glows,
And brisk the gale from point auspicious blows;
Each bulky war-ship rock'd by Neptune's waves,
Now stem—now stern in briny expanse laves;
From ev'ry bark the boatswain's pipes sound shrill,
Then flocks each crew obedient to his will;
Throughout the fleet the busy hum is heard,
Bustle prevails—"*Heave anchor is the word.*"
In capstern straight is plac'd each pond'rous bar,
Yea yeo's the cry of many a gallant tar,

Whose nervous strength conjoin'd, the engine turns,
The *paul* * resounds, the well *taught* † cable yearns;
While slow the *messenger* ‡ round capstern moves,
Indenting on its roller shining grooves.
The anchor now *right up and down* §—a throng,
Forthwith obedient to the well-known song,
Spring up aloft, the tackle instant seize,
Set gib‖ and fore-stay to the ambient breeze.
Now heav'd at length from out its sandy bed,
The anchor slowly moves its iron head;

---

* The *Paul* is a square wedge of wood, about one foot in length, which is bolted through the deck to hold the capstern.

† *Taught* implies stiff, tense, or extended straight.

‡ The *Messenger* is a small tackle-fall (or rope) affixed to the cable, to light, or haul it along.

§ *Right up and down*, a term used by the sailors to express that the anchor is in a perpendicular line under the ship's bow.

‖ The *Gib* sail hoists from the gib-boom, and the fore-stay sail, is that which runs up from the bowsprit.

Preparing to Sail.

When straight the orders heard that swells the gale,
"*Sheet home*, my lads—*sheet home** the *fore-top-sail*†.
While tars, all thoughts of labour to bereave,
Cry, heave away! heave at the windlass, heave!
Heave at the capstern, boys! and thus they sing,
Till from the flood emerges the huge ring.
Down instant leaps a vet'ran tar expert,
Upon the anchor's stock—and there alert
Thro' the ring passes the *fish-tackle*‡ straight,
Then *bowse*§ away, resounds, with voice elate,
And tugging hard, while singing out such lays;
The massive weight they to the *cathead*‖ raise,

* "*Sheet home*," is a nautical term, whereby the seamen are ordered to tighten the sail.

† The *Top-sails* are large square sails, of the second degree in height and magnitude.

‡ The *Fish-tackle* is a block of wood, containing double sheaves, whereto is affixed a large iron hook.

§ *Bowse*, is pull, or haul.

‖ There is a *cathead* over either bow of a ship, in which are two sheaves for the fish-tackle; it is so called, from the head of a cat being frequently sculptured upon it.

Ship under Weigh.

Then the *shank-painter** place the fluke around,
When *fish'd* and *catted*†, soon the anchor's found;
Whilst other seamen, busied with their toil,
The cable snugly in the *orlop*‡ coil.
The war-ship thus from hempen bondage free,
In lordly motion rides towards main sea,
While sails expand their milky bosoms wide,
Which, kiss'd by Boreas, swell in graceful pride.
With heart exulting, Richard looks around,
Surveys high heav'n, then eyes the flood profound;
And as in distance fade the British shores,
That throne of freedom, where proud Neptune roars,
Like guardian lion, threat'ning every band,
That fain wou'd wrench the sceptre from her hand?

---

* *Shank-painter*, is a strong rope attached to the fluke, which serves to secure the anchor.

† *Fish'd and catted.* When fish tackle is through the ring of the anchor, it is called *Fish'd;* and when *bowsed* (or hauled up) it is denominated *Catted.*

‡ The *Orlop*, is the space between decks from stem to stern, and is only so called on board a three-decker.

Parting Retrospection.

He eyes the craggy cliffs of varied hue,
Black greeny furze, brown earth and slaty blue,
The grey, the yellow, and the marly white:
With sorrow thrill'd at the receding sight*.
There dwells a father living—there too lies
Entomb'd a mother, and to these fond eyes
Both may be lost—for, buried in the deep,
Is scarf'd all thought, in death's eternal sleep:
No—not for ever—since the hour of rest
Shall come, when I may live among the blest;
With them the raptures of pure angels share,
Since all are creatures of God's fost'ring care.
Thus argu'd Dick—when waken'd by the sound
Of busy tars: he bent his gaze around,

* These emotions of my hero bring to mind those beautifully expressive lines of Ovid, where he says---

Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit & immemores non sinit esse sui.

I know not by what sweetness our native soil still attracts all, and implants itself in our recollection.

The Farewell, and more Sails set.

Blush'd to avow the grief he felt so late,
When thousands were expos'd to share his fate*.
Farewell, my native land, our hero sigh'd,
Tho' carnage threatens, and tho' floods divide,
Bright fancy to the last shall have full scope,
And deck fond mem'ry in the robes of hope.

Saint Helen's made, and, fading on the sight,
Soon the Achilles clear'd the Isle of Wight;
And still, urg'd by a brisk and fav'ring gale,
The steady captain order'd press of sail;
When from each yard down fell the canvass glib,
And straight were set main, mizen-sails, and jib;
Whose pliant bosoms curving to the gale,
Left Albion's cliffs obscur'd in filmy veil.

* Let the reader picture to his imagination one of the crew addressing our hero in the words of Cicero---

Tibi nullum periculum esse perspicio, quod quidem sejunc tum sit ab omnium interitu.

I can see no danger to which you are personally exposed, separately and apart from the destruction of us all.

The Farewell, and more Sails set.

Elate with joy at this unwonted scene,
Smiles animate our little Sea-Boy's mien;
Eager to prove the love he bears the main,
Duty can scarce his eager hands restrain,
On ev'ry side example meets his view,
The stripling Dick wou'd fain be vet'ran too;
Forth from his dark blue eyes, then sparkling bright,
Beams eager animation's radiant light.
As tars oft passing, by affection led,
Exclaim, "that's well, my lad," and pat his head;
While full nine knots an hour they plough the stream,
Impell'd by fav'ring wind abaft the beam.

Proud to acquire instruction ev'ry hour,
Richard with joy essays his mental pow'r;
Each day affords his penetration food,
By him commands are instant understood;
The duty of the ship he knows so well,
Ere orders giv'n, he'll oft the order tell.

The Boatswain's Pipe.

Sometimes delighted will his bosom feel,
To hear each summons for the welcome meal;
When morn's repast proclaims the boatswain's mate,
His loud pipes echoing at the hour of eight;
Again, as all hands the command obey,
When call to mess is pip'd just at mid-day;
Or when o'erburthen'd clouds their show'rs distil,
Down hammocks, straight ordains his call so shrill.
And if the captain comes in stately pride,
On board his ship, while sailors *man the side**,
The boatswain then in person pipes amain,
While breezes widely waft the echoing strain.

Nor be disdain'd the boatswain's symbol shrill,
Which erst proclaim'd a noble chieftain's will;

* This term is used to express the ceremony of two seamen standing one on each side of the gangway when the captain, or any company, comes on board, on which occasion they hold ropes to assist the persons in mounting.

The Whistle an honourable Insignia.

Witness, when Howard * bore the admiral's crest,
With *golden whistle* pendant at his breast;
Nor less his foe the pirate Barton† knew,
The boatswain's call—who when expiring blew
This engine—charging still his gallant troop,
To fight undaunted, nor let courage droop.

But if our Dick wou'd oft attention lend
To boatswain's pipe—no less was he the friend

* In the reign of Edward VI. the *whistle* was first introduced into the navy; when it appears that it was suspended at the breast of the lord high admiral; for, in addition to his other insignia, the brave Sir Edward Howard wore a golden whistle when he engaged the French near Brest. Since that epoch silver has been substituted for the more precious metal, and this shrill, and very necessary instrument of authority, has descended from the neck of a commander-in-chief to that of his boatswain.

Vid. *Burney's British Neptune*, p. 37.

† It is a fact, substantiated beyond all doubt, that during the desperate engagement which took place between Sir Thomas Howard and Sir Andrew Barton, in July 1511, that the latter charged his men with a boatswain's whistle even to his latest breath.

Vid. *Burney's British Neptune*, p. 37.

The Eight Bells.

Of tones that note the fleeting hours of day,
And rouse night's dullness to the echoing lay.
Now fix'd the *quarter-master* bends his view
On sand in hour-glass, noting time so true,
And greets the mid-day with successive knells,
Striking the eight reverberating bells:
Next half hour sounds one chime, and so till four,
Each thirty minutes add one knell the more,
By which eight bells resound again complete,
That chimes anew, each jovial tar to greet.
At half past four one bell begins anew,
That son'rous echo's to the bustling crew,
Which lasts till earth, by evening's dusk o'erhung,
Speaks eight o'clock, when eight bells more are rung.
And now the first watch set, the tars divide,
One half to hammocks—half the ship to guide;
Lieutenant, midshipman, on deck then stand,
To mark her course, while sailors wait command;
Till with each half hour, by the chimes encrease,
Eight bells at midnight struck, the watch must cease;

Ancient Naval Tactics.

When officers and men descend below,
While those, till then at rest, on deck must go:
Concluding thrice the eight bells jocund chime,
That fills of day and night twelve hours of time.

Up channel cruizes thus th' unconquer'd fleet,
Eager the foes of Britain's realm to meet,
That wat'ry expanse, restless, buoyant, green,
Of sanguinary contests oft the scene;
Where, in past ages, sons of vengeful Gaul,
Oppos'd to Britons, suffer'd the downfal;
Where bold *De Burgh**, combining art with skill,
Made twice his force obedient to his will;

* The French, during the reign of Henry III. having attempted an invasion of England, with 80 stout ships, besides transports, were attacked by Hubert de Burgh, Governor of Dover castle, with only 40 vessels, fitted out by the Cinque Ports. This engagement, which seems to have been the first regular sea fight that took place, occurred in 1217, and the victory was gained by the united efforts of courage, skill, and stratagem; for De Burgh, perceiving the vast superiority of the enemy, contrived to get the weather-gage, having it thus at his option to begin the attack when and where he pleased,

Ancient Naval Tactics.

He who with system first rang'd ships for fight,
Making with valour tactics too, unite,
Proving that few, when taught by wisdom's bland,
Can wrench the palm from a gigantic band.

Week still succeeding week, our boy inspir'd,
With ardor for the fray so much desir'd,
Now burn'd to bear the hydra's of our land,
From out their iron throats hurl fell command,
Once more to humble Gaul's aspiring head,
And drive presumption to dishonour's bed.
Nor did expectancy long mock his hope,
The moment came that gave our lions scope;
When British valour, crown'd with wreaths of fame,
Sign'd the pale record of great Gallia's shame.

by which means he ran down many of the transports, which were sunk, with all the troops on board. And in the attack of the large vessels, while the English soldiers plied the French with their long bows, which did great execution, they were also enabled to blind them, by means of heaps of lime placed on the decks, which was blown full in their faces, they being stationed to leeward.

An Enemy's Fleet descried.

Bless'd be the dawn when, in the offing wide,
The sail ahead our seamen first descried;
Signal like lightning—signal straight returns,
And each ship's crew with equal ardor burns.
Dick, ever watchful, at the first surprise
Springs from his birth, and soon, with glist'ning eyes,
Afar the source of all this tumult views,
And joins his plaudits at the welcome news.
Aurora now expands her Tyrian robe,
While Sol, engirdling confines of the globe,
Crowns wide with lustrous rays th' horizon's line,
And beams to Albion's host—a morn divine.
Eager for fight, the tars set ev'ry sail,
And crowd each stick of canvas to the gale;
With mutual wish, as thus the fleets advance,
Fresh sails are seen to swell the force of France.
While tars, in cool *arithmetic* employ'd,
Jocosely note what captur'd and destroy'd,

Clearing Ship for Action.

Ere night's return shall recompense their toil,
And plant fresh laurels on Britannia's soil *.
Advancing still, each side on battle bent,
Throughout the fleets resounds the fell intent;
Dread bustle meets on ev'ry side the eye,
Clear ship for action, lads—clear ship's! the cry:
All hammocks up! the boatswain pipes elate,
Which seamen stow within the nettings straight;
Such energies displaying to make clear,
No vestige soon upon the decks appear;
All is from stem to stern smack, smooth, and clean,
Not one obstructing object to be seen.
Straight to the wheel forecastlemen proceed,
The quarter-master's orders there to heed,
Who in his turn the master's word obeys,
As he to them the captain's will conveys;

* The poet has taken this idea from the conduct of *Earl Nelson* at the battle of *Trafalgar*, who, previous to that action, calculated the number of ships which would be captured in the engagement.

The Moment of Suspense.

While other tars, quite steady, watchful stand,
To mount and trim the sails upon command;
Plac'd at their sev'ral ports the men are seen,
While cool determination marks each mien,
Breathless they wait, to catch the wish'd for sound,
The word—to fire—and make the spheres rebound:
Of dread suspense, thus reign'd the silence dire,
Precursor fell of murd'rous cannon's fire.
And as each bulky war-ship, rock'd in pride,
Her *teeth* were *bravely shewn* on either side,
Bereft of *tompions**, that she thus might meet,
With challenge dauntless, for the bloody feat.
Staunch stands the gunner at his dreadful post,
And stern awaits the fire of adverse host;
His arm quite bar'd, the tough set sinews shows,
While in his hand the fatal match then glows.

* Wooden stoppers, affixed to the muzzles of the guns, except in time of action, to prevent the effects of damp from injuring their bores.

The Broadside.

The hellish engines, thrust thro' every port,
With gaping jaws proclaim death's rueful sport.
The gunner's touch electric, they await,
To hurl forth iron messengers of fate;
Those winged orbs, that whiz thro' air's vast field,
And perforate with ease the oaken shield;
This fatal pause inspir'd an awful thrill,
And Richard's courage own'd its potent will.
He ne'er before expectant thus had stood,
To witness crimson tides of human blood;
Nor be those braggart tongues believ'd, that swear
They laugh at contests, and the bullets dare;
'Tis this chill moment of suspense imparts
A taint of weakness to the stoutest hearts*:
Still all is mute—when, lo! a rattling sound,
Like belching Ætna, thunders wide around;

* Mirantur taciti, & dubio pro fulmine pendent.
STATIUS.

They stand in silent astonishment, and wait for the fall of the yet doubtful thunderbolt.

The Gunner's Occupation.

The flash, the din, the whistling balls are heard,
The foe salutes—a broadside is the word:
Scarce was the signal by the captain giv'n,
Ere th' Achilles' iron peal wrung heav'n,
As when in scorching Leo some dark cloud
Hangs o'er the sultry earth a pendant shroud,
Till quite o'ercharged, th' electric fire long pent,
Its cov'ring bursts, and gives dread thunder vent;
Thus hurling bolts, that make earth's centre quake,
Such prov'd the din—so did th' Achilles shake.
The gun thus fir'd, within its brazen bore
Is ramm'd the spunge, then reeking, to explore
Its smoaking tube, all lagging fire to drench,
While stopp'd the touch-hole, every spark they quench;
Anon recharg'd, the gunner primes anew,
Then runs her out, the foe's ship to subdue;
Fore or abaft the beam, as need requires,
The muzzle pointed, deal its murd'rous fires;
Which dread explosion o'er, she back recoils,
And forces hard the breeching's bounding toils,

The Gunner's Occupation.

And while thus retrograde her trucks harsh run,
" Stand clear," the seaman cries, " Stand clear the gun."
With toil incessant, soon the sailor glows,
As down his limbs the perspiration flows;
While smoke then mingling with the briny dew,
Anoints his limbs with reeking sooty hue;
When, to allay of husky thirst the pain,
He'll oft of *fighting-water** drink amain:
Of *grog* bereft, for should he wounded fall,
Fever awaits not then the stroke of ball.

Dick, stunn'd by noise—each object scarf'd in smoke—
All fear despis'd; true valour then had scope,
To act his part, with nimble speed he flew,
No dread deterr'd—for glory was in view.

* Tubs of water are placed near the guns, for the use of such as are there employed; as the smoke and heat, during an action, creates a constant thirst, and this is denominated *fighting-water*.

Dick a Powder-Monkey.

On quarter-deck, and 'neath the captain's eye,
A powder-monkey's post his destiny;
The labour he pursu'd with ceaseless toil,
His mind collected 'midst the thund'ring broil,
From cannon down to magazine he'd speed,
And thence return, the roaring gun to feed;
Such ardor showing in the glorious cause,
He gain'd still more his captain's fond applause.
On duty thus the willing stripling bent,
Full oft below to that foul store-house went,
Of cannon's food, the mansion dark and fell,
Fit region for Satanic fiends of hell;
Where safely cas'd, the light in lanthorn's stow'd,
Which gleams on this combustible abode;
The master there at arms, cool vet'ran stands,
With the ship's corporal *, to give commands;

* Corporal of a ship, is an officer who sees that the soldiers and sailors keep their accoutrements neat and clean, and teaches them the use of arms. He has a mate under him. Corporals have the charge of setting the watch and centries, and of relieving them.

As gunner's mates bear cartridges without,
To sailors station'd, a cool sober rout,
Whose hands the dreadful burthen forthwith place
Within the powder-monkey's wooden case,
O'er which anon he claps the lid to run,
And waft the ammunition to his gun.

'Twas great Queen Bess*, in Albion, first display'd,
How the fell food of murd'rous cannon's made;

* Queen Elizabeth, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, cast many great guns of brass and iron; and, as if Providence had favoured her design, a rich vein of pure and native brass was discovered near *Preswick*, in Cumberland; and the stone, called *Lapis Calaminaris*, necessary for brass-workers, was now first found in England, and that in great abundance: and that she might not be obliged to her neighbours, or be stinted by them, she *first procured gunpowder* to be made in England.

With less success, of old *Salmoneus* strove,
To ape the thunders of imperial *Jove*,
Less than the monk, whose dire researches gave
Cities to flames, and millions to the grave;
Which rend the cavern'd earth, high shooting crowds,
To breath their last astonish'd in the clouds.

Blowing up of the Boyne.

'Twas her sound policy to draw no more
Destructive powder from a foreign shore;
Full well she knew that those are most secure,
Who in themselves defensive aid ensure;
And, from that hour, within each magazine,
The sooty hords inflammable were seen,
Terrific produce of her subject's toil,
The 'vengeful thunder of our sea-girt soil,
That hurls the bullet from our cannon's jaws,
Death dealing, to support our country's cause,

Powder combustible, 'twas thy fell fire,
Thy blast electrical, in thunders dire;
Each magazine before and aft didst blow
In air, harsh echoing to the floods below,
When lost the *Boyne**, a floating wreck was seen,
Huge timbers smoking on the glossy green.

* The Boyne, a 90 gun ship, was blown up at Spithead. The explosion of this man of war occasioned two dreadful shocks to the town of Portsmouth; she blew up first abaft, after which the fore magazine exploded. This accident is supposed to have originated in the captain's steward unpack-

Blowing up of the Amphion.

Such of *Amphion** also prov'd the fate,
When she at Hamoaze, riding in proud state,

ing wine in the cabin, when the wind blowing the straw towards the stove, it immediately caught fire. The solemn silence that reigned throughout Portsmouth, between the blowing up of the fore and aft magazine, was truly dreadful, as each explosion caused a complete earthquake on shore. The flag-ship, the *Royal William*, which had never removed from her moorings for many years, was on this occasion compelled to slip her cables and drive to sea, and a fleet of East Indiamen, lying off the Mother Bank, received several shots from the guns of the *Boyne*, she being ready for sea; the *Queen* East Indiaman was particularly damaged, and had also two men killed on board. The author happened to be in the *Greyhound* frigate at the time, with Captain Paget Bayly, who was sailing with a convoy from the Downs, and, upon passing *Beachy Head*, the officer upon watch gave the captain notice that large pieces of timber were floating past them, which, on arriving at Portsmouth, proved to be the wreck of the Boyne, which had been blown up a few hours before. It may not be amiss, on this occasion, to speak of the last mentioned captain, deceased; whose conduct after, as well as previous to that period, ranks him high in naval discipline, which was particularly displayed in his conduct at St. Lucia with the *saucy seven*, and also in convoying to England *General Lord Cathcart*, with *General Paoli*, and their suites, accompanied by a large sail of transports, from the river *Elbe;* for which meritorious service Captain P. Bayly, received the thanks of the public.

* The *Amphion* frigate, *Captain Israel Pellew*, came into *Hamoaze* to refit, the sheer hulk then lying alongside of her in

Blowing up of the Amphion.

Blown up on high, by fell explosion there,
Exchang'd her element from flood to air.
While mercy's lenient hand repell'd the doom
Of brave *Pellew;* poor *Swaffield* found a tomb,
Ill-fated chief, who, as the toast was giv'n,
Thro' liquid realms explor'd the path to heav'n.

But to our lad once more, for 'twas his lot
To 'scape the contact of a murd'rous shot;

---

order to take out the necessary tackle. *Captain W. Swaffield*, who then commanded the *Overyssel*, having that day gone on board to dine with his friend. The aft magazine first blew up, in the middle of their repast. *Captain Pellew* remembered nothing but his running to the quarter-gallery, and that when he awoke from a state of stupefaction, he found himself upon the chains of the sheer hulk; while *Captain Swaffield*, it is supposed, was dashed up to the cieling of the cabin, and fractured his skull. The cause of this shocking catastrophe is attributed to the gunner, whose knavery induced him to the attempt of stealing powder before the galley fire was put out, as several bags of powder were afterwards discovered under water. More than 300 souls perished on this occasion, many of whom were visitors, that had gone on board to see their relatives, as the Amphion was just come in from a cruize.

Which whizzing by, upon the deck quick brought
That very lad with whom Dick once had fought;
The yell of anguish made him turn his eyes,
When, stretch'd and bleeding, he the youth descries,
Speeds to assist, and, badg'd with smoking gore,
The wounded views, while shatter'd on the floor,
Beside him quivers, with life's current warm,
That limb, so lately lopp'd his mangled arm;
Richard, who ne'er cou'd pity's impulse check,
Flies to the wounded on the blood-stain'd deck,
His charge supports, assistance to bestow,
And bears him to the cock-pit down below.
Fell scene of shatter'd limbs and wreathing pain,
That direful spot, where darkness holds her reign;
Illumin'd by sickly burning lanthorn's light,
In paly horrors thus but dimly dight:
With hand quite steady, and with mind sedate,
'Tis then the surgeon's task to operate,
The polish'd instruments rang'd at his side,
Full oft their lustre dim, in carnage dy'd,

Cock-Pit described.

As he with arms in blood-stain'd oil-skin ray'd,
Coolly pursues his sanguinary trade.
Our youth, who still his groaning charge sustain'd,
In safety soon this dark asylum gain'd,
When, ah! what feelings made his bosom yearn,
To view the captain wounded wait his turn.
The bold commander saw our stripling straight,
With brimful eyes contemplating his fate,
While o'er one shoulder hung his comrade's head,
Drooping, and clad in liv'ry of the dead;
Dick of his burthen eas'd, still linger'd there,
To witness how his patron kind should fare,
Achilles' captain, who to him had prov'd
A father, and whom he as parent lov'd.
And now behold his turn arriv'd—for then
He chose to share the fate of common men;
His bosom bar'd deep, splinter'd gashes shows,
From whence the crimson torrent gushing flows;
With stiptics soon the surgeon stems the tide,
And views with care the laceration wide;

The lacerated Commander.

While the bold chief, impatient of delay,
Commands dispatch, that he may join the fray,
Scarce heeds the faint hope for his life express'd,
By him whose skilful hand the wound had dress'd.
Meantime, transfix'd, the scene our hero view'd,
While chilling sweats his icy limbs bedew'd;
By turns the surgeon and the captain eyes,
Displaying hopes and fears alternate dies:
And, as the operator spoke, he hung,
Appall'd, upon the offsprings of his tongue;
Still there was hope—when Dick, with pent-up breath,
Faulter'd, "Great God! O! rescue him from death."
The captain straight on deck resum'd command,
And view'd with watchful eyes the adverse band,
Shatter'd, disabled; while, with colours doft,
Others display'd the British flag aloft;
Each tar, elate to view his captain, rears
On high his voice, and hails him with three cheers;
While Richard, struggling 'twixt delight and pain,
With shouts, half-stifled, strove to swell the strain.

Two to One.

Now bearing down, another vessel rides,
And stems the billows as it graceful glides;
Two foe's ships thus combining to subdue
Achilles' flag, and tame an English crew;
Starboard and larboard shots come rattling in,
While smoke augments with the tremendous din;
They now exchange—full fraught with war's intents—
Yard-arm and yard-arm, direful *compliments*.
With thick'ning dangers energies increase,
The truly valiant mind ne'er knows surcease;
Peril's a goading spur, and fans the flame
Of glory—pointing out the path to fame.
Richard, impress'd with this soul-thrilling glow,
Labour'd his magnanimity to show;
Like wing-heel'd Mercury, with ebon store,
He flew, unconscious of the weight he bore *:

* Leve fit quod bene fertur onus.

OVID.

That load becomes light which is chearfully borne.

Anxiety of a grateful Soul.

The cause of England warm'd his little breast,
He knew no fear, yet was his soul oppress'd;
For still to check those energies he felt,
The wounded captain made his bosom melt,
Who in his chair reclining, firmly cool,
Sustain'd with vigour his puissant rule;
Nor unobserv'd were Richard's pangs display'd,
The staunch commander oft the lad survey'd,
Mark'd on his mien the struggling passions rise,
Saw sorrow veil the lustre of his eyes,
Impede those transports which the scene inspir'd,
Yet check'd no toil which duty then requir'd.
Three hours had now engag'd the battle's heat,
Captur'd and sunk was half the Gallic fleet,
Whilst other war-ships scarcely cou'd sustain
Our steady fire—mere hulks upon the main.
Nor had our wooden walls escap'd their shot,
Tackling and sails had shar'd the wasteful lot,
While many a soul, that brav'd the bloody fight,
Death's curtain scarf'd in icy sombrous night;

Termination of the Battle.

Whose shafts th' Achilles' crew had sorely felt,
Fell havoc there the *hungry king* had dealt;
Insatiate glutting on the laurel'd brave,
Wafting full ninety to the silent grave.
Yet soft. The cannon deals no more its blow,
Fled are the remnants of the shatter'd foe;
And thus remain'd, of five and twenty sail,
But twelve, to chronicle the dismal tale.
The conflict o'er, Dick drops a silent tear,
The record of mortality to hear;
Since scarce one victim of death's dread behest,
But oft with kindness had our boy caress'd,
That sound affection of a British tar,
Which made him poignant feel the fate of war.
And now the ship is drench'd with ocean's flood,
To cleanse from flesh adhesive, clotted blood,
The sev'ral decks, with death's escutcheon's dy'd,
Which pour'd in crimson torrents down her side.
While thro' the fleet, 'tis next the seaman's care,
Forthwith the shatter'd tackling to repair;

Erect and rig the fore or jury mast,
And spread the canvas to each veering blast;
The war-ships now their course triumphant urge,
Breasting the billows of the restless surge,
In bulky pomp they stem each liquid steep,
And ride our wooden turrets of the deep;
And sailing thus, to make proud Albion's shore,
Where fame their valour had proclaim'd before.
Richard, who never felt to sloth inclin'd,
But active kept his energetic mind,
The hours 'twixt duty shar'd and pity's plea,
That call'd him to his former enemy;
Since Richard's tenderness cou'd ne'er abstain,
From soothing the poor *armless* stripling's pain,
And while philanthropy he kept in view,
No less he call'd to mind his captain's due;
Whose wound depriv'd our hero of all joys,
Holding his life and death in equipoize.
Such prov'd the conduct of this gallant child,
Who little thought how fortune on him smil'd;

A distant View of Land.

The kind commander having mark'd in turn,
Those glowing fires that in his bosom burn,
Resolv'd to snatch him from ignoble state,
And nurture virtues that proclaim'd him *great:*
Virtues which he, unseen, had cautious ey'd,
Inherent worth, which ev'ry doubt defied *.

Propitious gales, still urging to restore
Our tars victorious to their native shore;
Some boy at length sings out, with joyful cry,
From *cross-trees* of top-gallant-mast on high,
"*Land! land a-head!*"—When from below is heard,
"How bears the land?"—"Off starboard bows," the word,
When breezes fair the ship's course onward urge,
Forcing her head impetuous thro' the surge.

* Quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auseret——Fors en! attulit ultro.

VIRGIL.

Lo! what none of the gods could have promised to your prayer, chance has spontaneously supplied.

Casting the Anchor.

Now rapidly impell'd by fav'ring gale,
Approaching shore, they sing out—"*Shorten sail!*"
Which task perform'd, forthwith another set,
Over the bows with speed the anchor get;
When thus prepar'd for briny floods below,
True to command, they let *shank-painter* go;
Then *stream the buoy**—while up aloft bold Jack
Obeys the word, "Back the fore-top-sail—back!"
On which the master thus his song employs,
"Let go—let go the anchor there, my boys!"
The engine sinks, by gravitation led,
And delves itself within a sandy bed,
Whilst cable running swift the wave divides,
Whereto the buoyant vessel easy rides.

Thus safely moor'd, Achilles with the fleet,
At Spithead ratifies the foe's defeat,

* The *Buoy* is a floating piece of wood which is attached to the anchor, and is thrown over before they let it go; so that if a ship parts her cable, they may be enabled to find and recover it.

Whose captur'd *bulwark* on the billows borne,
Rocks the sad symbol of Gaul's state forlorn,
While Albion's *heart of oak*, with flag unfurl'd,
Rides the proud mistress of the wat'ry world.

END OF CANTO II.

THE

SAILOR-BOY.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The bard's address to the reader—Loss of the Royal George and Admiral Kempenfelt—The Sailor-Boy's tenderness and devotion—Appointed a midshipman by Captain Adam Duncan—His affectionate request, and departure in the Arethusa frigate—The Sailor-Boy's song—Contemplation of celestial bodies—Two prizes taken—Engaging a frigate of the enemy—A close action—Boarding the foe—She strikes her colours—Northern coalition against England—Rodney's victories—The Martinet—Phenomena of the tides, &c.—The slave trade—Spanish arrogance humbled—Van Tromp and his birch broom—Rodney and the memorable twelfth of April—Richard wounded—Gallant action of a tar—Female heroism—Dawning of love—Affection and honour—The separation and lover's farewell—Our hero passed for lieutenant—Greenwich hospital, and old Jack the sailor—Apostrophe to charity—A visit to the natal village, with acuteness of filial tenderness—The meeting of lovers, with the poet's offering to that passion—Peace, and friendship's approval of love—An East India voyage, with the profits accruing to the hero of the poet's song, &c.—The rewards of virtue and valour.

THE

SAILOR-BOY.

CANTO III.

Actis ævum implet, non segnibus annis.

Ovid.

He fills his space with deeds, and not with lingering years.

FANCY, bright offspring of true genius, shine,
Illume mine efforts with thy beams divine,
'Tis Britain's Sea-Boy wakes the muse's lyre,
Nurs'd in the cradle of proud Albion's sire,
The rocking ocean Neptune's wide domain,
Whose trident Britain's hardy sons sustain;
Britons, deputed ocean's lords to be,
And guardians of his realm, the vasty sea;

The Poet to his Reader.

Yet soft, nor longer let the poet claim
Immortal energies—his path to fame,
The theme must prove which now inspires his praise,
A subject worthy more transcendant lays:
Yet dares he hope his less presumptuous song,
May waken plaudits in the list'ning throng;
For though the strains are humble which impart
The Sea-Boy's tale, each note flows from the heart,
And if the poet's lines no praise deserve,
From spleen this effort may the bard preserve,
And from each censor's brow beguile a frown,
Implanting smiles, tho' he withholds renown.

At anchor now, the ships victorious ride,
And each to sol presents its burnished side,
Glist'ning in radiance of the matin beam,
That gilds the west, and spangles o'er the stream;
'Twas thus day's splendid luminary shone,
Girdling old ocean with a golden zone,

Loss of the Royal George.

The breezes bland of renovating spring,
Their odours shed from dewy zephyrs wing,
As moor'd the Royal George in safety lay,
At Spithead, glist'ning in the morning's ray.
Ah! fatal hour, no danger then seem'd nigh,
Tars with old friends enjoy'd hilarity:
When sudden heeling on the larboard side,
Each open port-hole gaping to the tide;
Her metals weight in ocean plung'd her hull,
And gushing torrents fill'd her instant full;
She sunk, while whirling suction swell'd the deep,
Six hundred wafting to the realms of sleep,
And with them *Kempenfelt*, whom caution's breath
Had vainly warn'd against impending death *.

* The *Royal George* was overset at Spithead in 1782, by what is termed a parliament-keel, when six hundred souls perished, together with *Admiral Kempenfelt*, who was writing in his cabin at the time, and who had previously received several warnings that the ship was filling, which he would not credit.

Dick's Tenderness and Devotion.

On shore *Achilles'* wounded chief convey'd,
The surgeon's call imperious there obey'd;
Who toil'd to rescue from controul of death,
A captain brave as e'er inhal'd life's breath,
Nor then unheeded was our lad pass'd o'er,
By chieftain's order straight convey'd on shore,
Where soon a two-fold duty he fulfill'd,
The child of gratitude, the nurse well skill'd;
In each capacity so fram'd to shine,
He seem'd a minister of heav'n benign;
Nor did our hero thus alone display,
Each tender assiduity by day,
Oft at the hour of night, when Dick believ'd
That lulling sleep of pangs his friend bereav'd,
Prostrate our chief wou'd then behold him fall,
And suppliant to the throne of mercy call;
In whispers pious breathe forth the Lord's pray'r,
And then invoke some guardian angel's care,
So pure the blessing, that it seem'd to bring
From heav'n's empyrean, with expansive wing,

The Sailor-Boy made a Midshipman.

Some cherub to allay the suff'rer's pain,
And prove his contrite wish not breath'd in vain.
At length pronounc'd from ev'ry danger free,
The captain, led by tender sympathy,
Resolv'd forthwith to recompence our boy,
And give him straight a midshipman's employ;
And that no stop might now impede this end,
He told his purpose to a gallant friend.
Brave *Adam Duncan** then ordain'd to try,
His fate in frigate† 'gainst the enemy,
The tale relating of our little child,
His fortitude, devotion, virtues mild,

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* Afterwards Lord Duncan Viscount Camperdown. Vid. Canto IV.

† A frigate is a two-decked ship, of the third, fourth, and fifth rate. Third rates have their gun-decks from 153 to 105 feet long; and from 37 to 40 broad; they contain from 871 to 1,262 tons, carry from 389 to 476 men, and 64 to 80 guns. The other rates are proportionably less. The sixth rates have their gun-decks from 87 to 95 feet long, and from 22 to 25 feet broad; they contain from 152 to 256 tons, carry from 50 to 110 men, and from 16 to 24 guns.

Preparation for departure.

A glorious theme, that ne'er was known to fail,
But always o'er brave Duncan's heart prevail.
The captain straight found Richard fit array,
And thenceforth titled him his *protegeé*,
Resolv'd, should he fame's bright career still run,
To make him by adoption his own son.
Things thus arrang'd, and Richard rigg'd for sea,
To hold a *midshipman's** authority.
His task was next keen sorrow to dispel,
When he should bid his patron kind farewell,
Whose wounds unheal'd, detain'd him still on shore,
Till health restor'd him to command once more;

* A midshipman is appointed by the captain of a ship of war, to second the orders of the superior officers, and assist in the necessary business of the vessel, either abroad or ashore. A first-rate man of war has twenty-four midshipmen, and the inferior rates a suitable number in proportion. No person can be appointed lieutenant without having served five years in the royal navy in this capacity, or in that of mate, besides having been at least four years in actual service at sea, either in merchant ships or in the royal navy.

Continued.

The hour arriv'd, the order came to sail,
Mandate, the frigate's tars with transport hail;
While Richard, by soul thrilling impulse led,
Dejected drops the tear, and hangs his head:
Nor cou'd our captain's soul the pang repel,
But own'd the pow'r of sorrow's dewy spell,
Which veil'd in sympathy his manly look,
As he the stripling's hand with fervor shook.
Still Richard linger'd, for one thought oppress'd,
And struggling, sought to 'scape his o'erfraught breast.
The chief, who saw some secret linger'd there,
Bad him confide it to his fost'ring care.
When Dick, with sobs the silence having broke,
In fault'ring terms his guardian thus bespoke—
" O! sir, forgive these tears—but I have still
" One boon to crave, your kindness can fulfil."
" Speak," said the chief, in true affection's tone,
" I yield compliance with thy wish, unknown."
When Dick, with fault'ring accents, thus gave vent,
And breath'd the secret of his heart long pent:

" Perhaps of peace a parent I deprive;
" For still I have a father, sir, alive,
" To whom each filial duty shou'd impel,
" That I your bounty, and my fate shou'd tell:
" Nor should good fortune teach me to forget
" My old friend Jack, to whom I owe this debt;
" Whose care paternal led me first to view
" The friend and second father, sir, in you."
The chief, by mute astonishment enchain'd,
His admiration for a time restrain'd,
Then cry'd—" Thou matchless boy, this trait betrays
" A soul which ev'ry virtuous call obeys,
" Thy wish is granted, for thy sire shall learn,
" From mine own hand, thy fortune's present turn;
" Nor shall thy guardian Jack escape my care,
" Who well deserves alike the tale to share."
On this assurance, Dick his gaze uprears,
And smiles contentment thro' a veil of tears.
As when in April, after genial show'r,
Sol pierces thro' a dripping lilac bow'r.

The Arethusa Frigate, and her Motto.

And now once more the chief our hero bless'd,
Who left his presence with an heart oppress'd;
With thoughtful step the *Point** in safety gain'd,
Whence soon in boat the frigate he attain'd,
The gangway vaulted with a chearful mien,
And straight on deck a midshipman was seen,
In comely habit of his station ray'd,
Whereat no pride unseemly he display'd;
Desirous only, that by deeds in store,
He might prove worthy of the garb he wore.
The anchor hove, now *Duncan* gives command,
Anon the tight trimm'd frigate leaves the land;
The saucy *Arethusa* France defies,
Her motto—"*Conquest, and a swinging Prize!*"
Dick, to the quarter-deck inducted, straight
Studies his duty with a mind sedate,
Prompt his superior officers obeys,
Nor e'er a look dissatisfied betrays;

* Portsmouth *Point* and the *Sally Port* are two famous places where naval officers take boat to go on board.

And as at mess* full oft he shares his prog,
And with his stripling messmates quaffs the grog,
As songs go round, to swell convivial joy,
These are stanzas of my Sailor-Boy.

THE

SAILOR-BOY's SONG.

THE wind blew shrill, and harsh the surges roar'd,
As Jack the Sea-Boy gaz'd upon the deep,
Not long the little lad had been on board,
And tho' true heart of oak, he still cou'd weep;

* Had our hero been on board a first-rate ship, in lieu of a frigate, he might have convey'd his ideas of the *cock-pit*, which is there the mess of the midshipmen, in the following terms:—

And oft in cock-pit, as his messmates quaff'd
The grog, and in their drear asylum laugh'd,
Our hero on that fatal hour would dwell,
When cannon's roar should sound the bloody knell,
Exchanging then their jocund birth, to show
From mangled limbs the sanguinary flow.

Song continued.

For oft on parent left, his mind wou'd dwell,
And scenes which he perhaps might view no more;
Rememb'rance, that enchain'd with sadd'ned spell,
His father, mother, and his native shore.

But when the battle's fury nerv'd his breast,
His mind; each tender recollection fled;
The cry was fame, a laurel for his crest,
Or glory to record him with the dead.
But Jack escap'd the rueful shaft of fate,
Liv'd to rehearse on shore the conflict's heat;
And view those parents dwell with minds elate,
And proudly boast their boy had shar'd the feat.

Old ocean's friend, he ne'er remain'd on shore,
But flew, obedient to his country's call,
Brave in the fight, and cool midst tempest's roar,
The Sea-Boy was the well-belov'd of all.
Yet winds, nor waves, nor thund'ring cannons dire,
Cou'd e'er affection's tender thrill controul;
For tho' the stripling boasted valour's fire,
Affection's signet stamp'd the Sea-Boy's soul.

The Mess in an hard Gale.

And oft, as sharing thus the wonted mess,
Dick joins in laughter at the strange distress,
Caus'd by the billows and the angry gale,
As in rude concert they the bark assail *;

* The following account, extracted from *Pinkard's Notes*, is so descriptive of the subject in question, that the author has been led to make the extract, for his readers entertainment.

DINING AT SEA IN ROUGH WEATHER.

The ship's company often reap much amusement from the little accidents, the ridiculous tumbles, and the strange postures, which the passengers are thrown into by the unsteady motion of the vessel: indeed, we now feel so little alarm during a gale, that we sometimes disregard its perils, and join in their smiles and jokes at the ludicrous occurrences which happen among ourselves. HOGARTH might have feasted upon them. In the confusion of motions, caused by the heavy seas, if we attempt to walk, we *fetch way*, and are tossed to the farthest side of the cabin, in all the odd and uncommon figures that can be imagined; and, often before we can regain our legs, the ship yields to another wave, and we are tumbled, in the most ludicrous manner, to the opposite side, kicking, struggling, or crawling, amidst a confusion of moving chairs, stools, boxes, and other furniture.

Our dinner ceremony is often rendered a humorous scene; at this hour, the cabin being the general rendezvous of the party, we meet---crawl, trembling, towards the table---and tie ourselves in the chairs. A tray is set before us, with deep holes cut in it for the dishes, plates, and glasses; the table

The Mess in an hard Gale.

Now yielding to the surges' fell behests,
With gunnel too the wat'ry height she breasts;

and chairs are lashed to the deck; yet one or other frequently gives way, and upsets half the things in the cabin! Presently enters the steward with soup, followed by his little slave with potatoes; and the servants with such other covers as there may chance to be. But scarcely are the things upon table, and the servants stationed, clinging to the backs of our chairs, before a sudden lurch of the ship tumbles all into disorder. Away go steward, servants, and little mungo, to the lee corner of the cabin; the soup salutes the lap of one of us; another receives a leg of pork; a third is presented with a piece of mutton or beef; a couple of chickens or ducks fly to another; the pudding jumps nearly into the mouth of the next; and the potatoes are tossed in all directions about the cabin. One saves his plate; another stops his knife and fork; some cling to the table, thinking only of saving their persons; one secures the bottle; another, half fallen, holds up his glass in one hand, and fixes himself fast to his chair with the other. Chaos is renewed! every thing is in motion--every thing in disorder and confusion. At the next roll of the ship, the servants, staring with amazement, again *fetch way*, and, with extended arms, are tossed to the opposite side of the cabin, where they cling fast, and remain fixed as statues, afraid again to move; and, although we are lashed in the chairs ourselves, it is with difficulty we can maintain our seats. Plates, dishes, knives, forks, and glasses, clatter together in all the discord of the moment; the steward and his

The Mess in an hard Gale.

Another lurch anon her course controuls,
When she, obedient to its impulse rolls,
Impetuous from the board hurls prog away,
And makes the stripling's lap full oft his tray;
As from his chest thrown headlong on the deck,
He sprawls amidst the beef and biscuit's wreck.

---

boy, crawling upon their hands and knees after the dancing potatoes; the flying fowls, or walking joints, are rolled over and over at our feet; and all is disorder and confusion. The ship now becomes steady for a moment; the scattered parts of the dinner are collected; and those who have escaped sickness, again attempt to eat. Some, foreseeing all these accidents, fix themselves in a corner upon the cabin deck, and take the plate between their knees, fancying themselves in security: but, quickly, they are tumbled, in ridiculous postures, to the other side of the cabin, sprawling, with outstretched limbs, like frightened crabs. Some, having no calls of appetite, join not in the feast, but lie swinging up and down in their cots or hammocks; others remain rolling from side to side in their births. Some cry out with sore bruises; some from being wetted with sprays: one calls for help; another relieves his stomach from sickness: while others, lamenting only their dinner, loudly bewail the soup, the meat, and the pudding. Some abuse the helmsman; others the ship; and others the sea; while all join in a chorus of imprecations upon the wind.

Contemplation of heavenly Bodies.

Yet think not Richard, when from duty free,
Idled away his precious hours at sea;
His chest, with books well stor'd, by patron kind,
Yields precious food to his inquiring mind*.
Thus, as in turn our hero mid-watch keeps,
Genius contemplative with him ne'er sleeps;
He silent marks night's ebon robe unfurl'd,
In solemn guise enshrou'd one half the world.
Thro' boundless ether shine heav'n's brilliants bright,
Fix'd stars, so many suns affording light;
To worlds unnumber'd, and alike unseen,
Each in its orbit moving on serene.
Yon streak, engirdling heav'n in white array,
Of clust'ring gems, bespeaks the *milky way*†:

* Animo vidit, ingenio complexus est, eloquentiâ illumi navit. CICERO.

These subjects he saw by the power of his mind, he comprehended by his understanding, and enlightened by his eloquence.

† See in the galaxy, that *milky way*,
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest,
Powder'd with stars. MILTON.

Celestial Studies continued.

And *Pleiades**, when number'd by the eye,
Tho' sev'n appearing, still will magnify
An hundred stars, producing to the view
Each sep'rate glowing of the diamond hue:
While pigmy *Asteroids*† their bodies show,
Like smallest gems in figure and in glow.
Sometimes like rockets shooting from above,
Swiftly adown the light's erratic move,
Like comets 'reft of tails—those forms which fly
In fiery majesty athwart the sky,
Still round the sun pursue their blazing track,
Emitting beams, or bearded from the back:
Or now yon paly planet's orb behold,
This globe's attendant—*Dian*, chastely cold,

* An assemblage of seven stars in the neck of the constellation *Taurus*, by the ancients supposed to be the daughters of *Atlas* and *Pleione*.

† *Asteroid* signifies *star-like*. The celestial bodies so called, are newly discovered, two in number, and named the one *Ceres*, and the other *Pallas*; they received the appellation of *Asteroids* from *Dr. Herschel*.

Celestial Studies continued.

Night's partial lamp, that sheds a borrow'd ray,
In shape transform'd by lust'rous god of day;
Whose beams reflected on her *disc* opake,
Phenomena produce—and thus she'll take
Falcated, *gibbous* forms, or last uprear,
Her body luminous, a perfect sphere,
Whose rays reflected from the wat'ry plain,
Emboss with glow-worms o'er the dark green main;
Or, like long streams of liquid silver creep,
To crown each ripple of the peaceful deep.
As steady thus our youth his watch pursues,
O'ercome with extacy these scenes he views;
And then the vessel's course oft marks, to find
The scintillating track she leaves behind;
Dwells on such objects till, with glowing breast,
His watch concluded, he repairs to rest.

The gallant *Duncan*, with delight surveys
Of Dick, our midshipman, the glowing traits,

Invites him at his table oft to dine,
And treats him with the *honour'd glass of wine**.
The frigate cruizing thus some weeks had been,
When two West Indiamen a-head were seen,
With canvas crowded, striving hard to make
The coast of France, and thus our fire escape;
Futile the task—oppos'd 'gainst two-fold skill,
Frenchmen must yield the slaves of Britain's will.
Duncan gives chace—in vain each trader flies,
O'ertaken soon, they yield an easy prize;
Which forthwith wafted to Britannia's shore,
Is destin'd to produce a golden store.

* The author does not pretend to say that it is a general custom; but he has been on board ships of war, when the captain, immediately after the removal of the cloth, has turned round to the midshipman that had been on that day invited to the captain's table, and taking a glass of wine, has desired the youngster to fill his own, when he has, *very pointedly*, wished him a good afternoon; being the signal for his retiring.

An Enemy's Frigate.

In quest of gain the Arethusa ploughs
Anew the deep, and laves her swelling bows,
Nor does she long upon the track proceed,
Destin'd to note another glorious deed,
A noble frigate sudden heaves in sight,
The signal's giv'n—the crew prepares for fight.
Proudly the French their colours show on high,
While England's ensign, jack and pendant fly;
Each at his post—all made for action clear—
And fraught with equal hate, the crews then steer;
For desp'rate fight prepar'd, and war's fell heat,
Willing to sink, ere own a base defeat.
Now within gun-shot, with three cheers the tars
The foe salute, and welcome bloody Mars;
While *Duncan*, from the quarter-deck employs
His trumpet, bawling out—"Stand by, my boys."
"All ready," cry the men, who court the fray:
"Then at 'em," says the captain; "fire away."
A broadside roars, while French return the sound,
Din salutes din, and echoes wide around.

Cool Orders during Battle.

Duncan intrepid, issues orders cool,
The first-lieutenant bold maintains his rule;
While at the wheel the steady master reigns,
Who, spite of battle, steers thro' liquid plains.
As each marine* his piece o'er quarter fires,
With officer, who thus his troop inspires;
Now hotter still, and hotter grows the fight,
Yard-arm and yard-arm, each essays his might.
"Coolly, my lads—keep cool," the captain cries;
"Mind the sea's heaving—mark ye how she lies—
"Now pour away, my boys—strike, strike it in,
"Hearty, my lads."—Anon resounds the din,

* Marines have nothing to do in working the ship; their duty is merely to defend it in war, and attack the enemy when fighting. There is generally a company on board each ship, about forty in number, under a captain and two lieutenants; and there are seventy companies of the marines in the whole. In a sea-fight their small arms are of very great advantage in scouring the decks of the enemy; and when they have been long enough at sea to stand firm, as the ship rocks, they must be infinitely preferable to seamen if the enemy attempts to board, by raising a battalion of fixed bayonets to oppose them.

A close Action.

Which to increase, a whizzing shot comes by,
Rending the deck, on all sides splinters fly,
That level five marines, with three ship's men,
Brave souls thus destin'd ne'er to rise again;
No stroke appalling can pale fear infuse,
Carnage, from stem to stern the ship imbrues;
Still resolute each man supports his part,
While Richard proves the valour of his heart,
Impels with voice applauding ev'ry tar,
And looks the infant Hercules of war.
On either side, with undiminish'd heat,
The fire is heard, and doubtful hangs the feat;
Aloft in tatters streams each shiver'd sail,
And wantons, ribbands, in the passing gale,
While shatter'd ropes hang loose in ragged plight,
A useless weight of cordage to the sight.
Hark—now a crash resounds—the frigate shakes,
Smack by the board a shot the foremast takes;
"All hands," the boatswain bawls, "to clear the wreck:"
A band then forthwith rushes to the deck,

Labours that rigging may anon be lopp'd,
When freed, the foremost overboard is dropp'd;
While Frenchmen shouting, think the deed is done,
And thus conceive the doubtful conflict won.
Yet this proud calculation is but vain,
The Arethusa cannot thus be ta'en;
For though the carpenter, from well hath sung,
That in her hold the gaining leak is sprung;
Duncan determines on a desp'rate blow,
And straight commands the gang to board the foe;
With cutlasses and pistols arm'd; obey
Eighty brave *boarders*, for the daring fray*;
The frigates close engag'd, by bullets knock'd,
Each yard-arm in the others rigging lock'd,
Shows of their crews the mutual wish to fight,
Or sink together, midst the floods of night.
Intrepid now the valiant tars proceed,
And bold rush forward to achieve the deed,

* Exigui numero sed bello vivida virtus. VIRGIL.

Small in number, but of tried and war-proof valour.

A Northern Coalition.

In vain their course the Gallic hordes oppose,
Naught can withstand the force of British blows;
And ere Mounseers for quarter loudly call'd,
A tar had aft their pepper'd colours haul'd;
When shouts triumphant, in Stentorian pride,
Proclaim the victory on England's side;
Conquest heroic as e'er gain'd renown,
And plac'd on Briton's brows the verdant crown;
Both ships disabled so, they scarce cou'd gain
An English port—mere wrecks upon the main.

From frigid realms black clouds portentous low'r,
A mighty phalanx dares Great Britain's pow'r;
Her wings the Russian eagle wide expands,
Neutrality unites the northern bands*;

* In allusion to the armed neutrality of the northern powers, for the protection of trade, at the head of which the Empress of Russia was placed, by the consent of all. This formidable coalition was entered into at the commencement of the year 1780.

A Northern Coalition.

They seek on Neptune's realm to find redress,
And Britain's empire o'er the seas repress;
This storm the sons of Albion dauntless hail,
Resolv'd no coalition shall prevail;
Britannia wields the trident of command,
And dares the world to wrench it from her hand.

As Richard's soul the thought inert disdain'd,
Scarce had he thus the British soil regain'd,
And from his patron heard that praise his due,
Ere he prepares his service to renew;
And joins a first-rate of that gallant fleet,
By *Rodney* led, our braggart foes to meet;
Here next it proves our hero's lot to gain,
The fruits of conquest off the coast of Spain,
Where *Rodney* captures sev'n sail from the foe,
With twenty trade ships, at one glorious blow;
And soon again, off Cape St. Vincent, he
Proves our emporium o'er the vasty sea;

Naval Honours.

As 'midst the gloom of night and cannon's roar
One war ship's blown in air, two sunk off shore;
While still our naval forces to augment,
Four first-rates captur'd are, to England sent.

Year still succeeded year in constant toil,
As Dick had fac'd full many an hardy broil,
When near five summers' service thus was told,
Since he as midshipman was first enroll'd,
In duty none our hero could outvie,
Or claim o'er him in knowledge mastery;
While all his soul on ceaseless study bent,
Afforded to his innate genius vent;
Expanding talents fitted to engage
The courtier polish'd, or reflective sage.
Such prov'd with Richard wisdom's dawning clear,
Ere yet was told complete his fifteenth year;
No object 'scap'd his comprehensive thought,
His aim improvement, while with ardour fraught,

Each check his perseverance wou'd subdue,
For *reason* told him—*science* was in view.
Oft o'er the shingle as the billows beat,
Now mounting high, then sounding the retreat;
Richard wou'd mark the buoyant surges glide,
And dwell with wonder on each changeful tide:
That strange phenomena, on which in vain,
Philosophy hath madly rack'd its brain,
Whose vot'ry, in despite, sought ocean's wave,
And made his proof of ignorance—the grave*.

On the meridian now at once appear,
The golden sun, and night's pale silv'ry sphere.
Oppos'd or in conjunction, when to view
The pallid moon appears, full orb'd or new,

* Alluding to the sage of antiquity, who, we are told, threw himself into the ocean, being unable to discover the cause of the tides.

Variation of the Tides.

Whose pow'r attractive o'er the surge then reigns,
And *spring tides** swelling, overflow the plains;
Or widening now apart, the floods straight cease,
And *neap tides* show attraction's plain decrease.
Less peaceful does this flux and reflux roll,
'Twixt *Negropont* and *Greece*, where storms controul,
The changeful *Euripus*, whose currents show
In each two hours its ebbing and reflow.
Nor less should swelling streams and bays surprise,
That buoyant, oft will fifty feet arise:
Or where the *Caspian* sea impetuous roars,
Dividing *Persia* from the *Russian* shores;
There rule no tides, but once in fifteen years,
The expanse high its glassy bosom rears,

* In speaking of the *tides*, the author cannot refrain from adverting to the new hypothesis of *Bernardin de St. Pierre*, in his *Studies of Nature*, Vol. I. Study IV. whose opinions, notwithstanding his opposition to the established principles of Newton, and other great men, are certainly well worthy the consideration of an impartial mind.

The Slave Trade.

Rushes impetuous o'er the champaign wide,
And floods the fertile fields on ev'ry side.
Now still approaching nearer Britan's land,
Mark where the *Baltic* laves the beachy sand;
Which in its bound'ry girdled, ceaseless flows,
Nor flux or reflux e'er its surface knows.
Sometimes the ocean, urg'd by current's force,
Will drive the war-ship from its destin'd course;
Such runs enfuriate 'twixt *Bahama* Isles
And fertile *Florida*.—Nor less defiles
The raging current ocean's course sedate,
Than where *Gib'raltar's* cannons guard the Strait,
Which Europe separates from Afric's coast,
Dividing white men from the dingy host;
That wretched race, whose groans too long have made
Demons of Christians, by inhuman trade;
Traffic abhor'd, too long all Europe's bane,
By heav'n accurs'd, our isle's disgraceful stain.
Soft: let me bless the hour—for mercy's tongue,
By sense enlighten'd, loud her peal hath wrung;

The Slave Trade.

The balm applied to wretched negro's pains,
And broke to atoms Afric's galling chains;
Britain no longer hears the Black deplore,
Her *slave trade* ended—blood is sold no more.
Nor less impetuous glides the deep profound,
From *Baltic's* ocean rushing, where the *Sound*
The *Strait* runs through into the German main,
Dividing *Denmark* from cold *Sweden's* plain.
On such phenomena would Richard dwell,
And hang entranc'd upon the pleasing spell,
Which demonstration pictur'd to his sense,
While ploughing o'er the wat'ry plain immense.
Alike our youth, with contemplation's eye,
Mark'd all the wonders of ætherial sky;
When northern hemisphere, o'er ocean's breast,
Full oft in summer's eve presents, like crest,
Those varied dyes which nitrous gas display,
Vapours that volatile pure æther ray,
As all the atmosphere, in scarlet dight,
Presents *aurora borealis* light;

Aurora Borealis, Halo, Iris, and Bow-marine.

Alike in air is seen that meteor glow,
Near sun, or moon, or star, the bright *halo** ;
Circlet presenting to th' observant gaze,
Faint colours beaming forth in paly rays;
Nor less attractive, after fall'n show'rs,
Appears the rainbow's bright prismatic pow'rs,
Which wide thro' heav'n its semicircle throws,
Oppos'd to sol's bright beam, that lustrous glows;
Whose rays refracted thro' the falling dews,
Present the gaudy party colour'd hues.
Oft by the seamen too alike is seen,
When surges mount, the colour'd *bow-marine*†,

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* A meteor in the form of a ring, or circle, of various colours, appearing round the sun, moon, or stars.

† Spumous around the whiten'd waters flow,
Exceed the light, and emulate the snow;
While the bright *spray* refracts the solar beam,
And little *rainbows* dance above the stream.
KIRKPATRICK.

The Moon.

Which by reflection of day's golden light,
Shows ocean's billow as in liv'ry dight:
Nor shall the willing muse her lays forbear,
But let night's goddess too the plaudit share,
Whose orb, when full, occasions oft a bow,
Which on heav'n's cheek the faintest tinge will throw;
Colours that mellow, and at once combine
No two distinct, but mingling, void of line.
Now from aerial flights the muse descends,
And to her naval theme once more attends,
That glorious call, which bids the bard proclaim,
That British seamen are the sons of fame;
Who dares dispute our empire o'er the sea,
Sanction'd from ages of antiquity;
From Saxon annals, when the glorious right
Full oft was ratified in bloody fight;
That charter, beaming forth a lustrous ray,
When Mary held her sanguinary sway,
For as in state the pompous Philip came,
His rights, as consort of our queen, to claim,

Spain obedient.

When he aloft the Spanish flag display'd,
Our gallant *Effingham** the signal made;
Which, when unheeded, he indignant cried,
" Spaniards shall learn I here triumphant ride :"
When straight the whistling shot his cannon sent,
The murd'rous signal of his soul's intent.
Quick to obedience aw'd the Prince of Spain,
Confess'd our empire o'er the briny plain;
His mandate issued with a soul appall'd,
And from the high main-top his colours haul'd,
Paying to England's flag the tribute due,
And keeping its prerogative in view;
That claim, which glorious Bess, with scepter'd hand,
More firmly ratified 'gainst Philip's band,
When he, as Britain's foe, prepar'd his fleet,
The *grand Armada*, Britons to defeat;

* The lord high admiral of England, Lord William Howard, says Burney, p. 37, fired on the Spanish navy, although her Majesty's consort (Philip II. of Spain) was on board, and would not desist until the ships had lowered their topsails: a claim of superiority which originated so early as the Saxon times, and was frequently enforced in the narrow seas.

Van Tromp and his Birch Broom.

For then, his pride and papal threats o'erthrown,
Proclaim'd the empire of the waves our own.
Or how shall I the theme applauding raise,
Brave *Blake* commensurate to speak thy praise;
*Blake**, who, like *Howard*, held puissant reign,
And drove the Dutch from Albion's realm—the main;
Forc'd gallant *Tromp* to cease his haughty tone,
Since *Britain's broom*† *swept cleaner than his own.*

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* The gallant *Robert Blake* was born in 1599, and, after a series of the most extraordinary feats of gallantry in the service of his country, died on entering Plymouth with his fleet, in 1658. Any common place encomium on this wonderful naval character would be superfluous; a perusal of his life can alone afford a just idea of a commander whose bravery and conduct places him upon a level with heroes of the present age and of remotest antiquity.

† History informs us, that *Van Tromp*, in defiance, proceeded down the channel for the *Isle of Rhé*, with a broom fastened to his main-top-gallant mast, thereby intimating that he intended to sweep the narrow seas of the English, who had hitherto boasted of possessing the sovereignty of them. This bravado, however, proved of short duration, for soon after our renowned *Blake*, in an action off the Isle of Wight, which lasted three days, took and destroyed eleven ships of war, commanded by *Tromp* and *De Ruyter*, killed 2,000 men, and made 1,500 prisoners.

Yet soft, our youth in battle once more view,
To duty stedfast, and to valour true:
Auspicious be the twelfth of April still,
Which made *De Grasse* obey brave *Rodney's* will;
Proving the lily must bend low its head,
And wither at the lion's roarings dread.
In the *Namur* our midshipman sustain'd
The wonted discipline, and still maintain'd
That naval character he had ensur'd—
Conduct that since hath brilliant fame secur'd.
With equal ardor had the fleets engag'd,
With equal courage was the contest wag'd,
Till gallant *Rodney*, weary of delay,
Steer'd his ship *Formidable* midst the fray;
And, follow'd by *Namur* and *Duke*, they broke
Athwart their line by one determin'd stroke,
Which new manœuvre struck them with dismay,
And ended soon the contest of that day;
When three were lost, while six, as captures led,
Sailed with the *Ville de Paris* at their head.

Dick wounded, with a gallant Act.

And now 'twas first our youthful child of war
Was doom'd to reap an honourable scar:
As spurr'd by valour, midst the contest hot,
Fate wing'd against him the unerring shot,
His shoulder wide the whizzing bullet tore,
And streaming blood his bosom welter'd o'er;
Yet, spite of gashes and the loss of blood,
Staunch he remain'd, and at his quarters stood,
Till fainting with the sanguinary flow,
Our hero was supported down below;
Where soon the surgeon's aid this flood suppress'd,
Whose hand expert the laceration drest;
When Dick rejoin'd his post, just time to see,
And greet with loud huzzas, this victory.
Nor be forgot one trait of seaman true,
Who kept bright mercy's precept still in view;
As 'scaping on a plank the yawning wave,
He snatch'd a sinking Frenchman from the grave;
Yielding that life-preserving spar to him,
Crying, "Avast, mounseer, I still can swim."

Female For i ude.

Which noble deed, by gallant Dick observ'd,
He hove a rope, and thus the tar preserv'd *.
Yet not to man alone should be address'd
The muse's praise—since even woman's breast,
Midst danger owns a sympathetic glow,
And burns, its fire magnanimous to show.
Witness, when on the main deck *Rodney* view'd
A seaman's wife, who at *his* gun pursu'd
The duty of that post, with ardent toil,
In spite of danger and the thund'ring broil.
The chief, astonish'd, sought the cause to know
Of this rash act.—Her answer was, " Below

* The above circumstance is founded on the following fact :—A gentleman lately arrived from Cork, gives an extraordinary trait in an English sailor's character; four officers in a boat, going down Cork harbour, were overset by a sudden gust of wind. Three of them were immediately drowned, and the fourth was just sinking, when a sailor, who had got upon a plank, said to him, " I see, sir, you are just gone; take this plank, I can swim better than you." The plank saved the officer's life; and the honest tar at length, though with much difficulty, got safe to land.

Blowing up of the Boyne.

"They've sent my husband in such piteous case,
"I came, your honour, just to take his place:
"We both are one! and tho' mounseers may wrench
"Jack from his gun—I'm left to fight the French."
Which conduct brave, ensur'd the welcome store,
Of ten good guineas, when the fray was o'er *.

And now escap'd from war's impetuous shocks,
In port behold the fleet victorious rocks;

* When the gallant Sir George, afterwards Lord Rodney, was engaged in the Sandwich against the French admiral, and before any of his own ships came up to sustain him, Sir George thought it necessary to visit the three decks, in order to animate his men, who received him wherever he went with three cheers. To his great surprise, he found a woman assisting at one of the guns, upon the main deck! Upon asking her what she did there? she replied, "An't, please your honour, my husband is sent down to the cockpit wounded, and I am here to supply his place. Do you think, your honour, I am afraid of the French?" After the action, Lord Rodney called her aft, told her she had been guilty of a breach of orders, by being on board; but rewarded her with ten guineas, for so gallantly supplying the place of her husband.

Source of Love.

While Britain's voice, with loud applauding strain,
Greets ev'ry seaman to his soil again.

Our wounded hero 'scap'd the cannon's roar,
With transport treads again his native shore;
Urg'd by affection pure, he forthwith speeds
To greet his patron, and retail his deeds;
With modest diffidence each act records,
For conscious merit loaths redundant words*.

But now the bard must strike a softer string,
Love, gentle love, expands the downy wing;
His golden shaft directs from roseate throne,
A passion wafting angels pure might own.
Augusta, lovely maid, 'twas thine to fill
Our child of glory with the tender thrill;

* Adolescentem verecundum esse decet.
PLAUTUS.
It becomes a young man to be modest.

Source of Love.

By worth and charms enchaining that proud soul,
Which virtue's impulse cou'd alone controul.
Sweet maid, of parents 'reft, 'twas thine to share,
Friend, guardian, parent, from thine uncle's care;
Who, mindful of a brother's last behest,
Strictly adher'd to ev'ry fond request;
Rearing his niece to honour virtue's call,
And spurn of vice the base insiduous thrall.
The maid, who oft had heard of Richard's worth,
Forgot his abject state and lowly birth;
But when her eyes beheld his ripening youth,
And heard his feats rehears'd by winning truth,
When she recall'd the dangers he had fac'd,
Saw *glory's badge*, which then his person grac'd,
A sentiment more tender thrill'd her heart *,
Subdu'd, she yielded to the urchin's dart,

* Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni.
VIRGIL.

She nourishes the poison in the veins, and is consumed by the hidden fire.

Who, by inflicting thus a twofold wound,
Love, youth, and virtue, in one fetter bound.
Full oft, ere gallant Richard's scars were heal'd,
Soft looks and sighs their mutual thoughts reveal'd;
While, ever mindful of his abject state,
Our youth dejected, dwelt on future fate;
Resolv'd his patron never should arraign
His upright soul of base ungrateful stain,
That rather he in secret wou'd repine,
Ere make confession of the flame divine.
But not unheeded was their passsion pent,
The wary uncle mark'd their bosom's bent;
In silence gloried at the mutual thrill,
Resolv'd to act affection's potent will.
Our hero's gashes heal'd—his patron's care,
Was next directed Richard to prepare,
With him forthwith for London to be gone
That as lieutenant he might pass anon.
Our child of fate, with palpitating heart,
Made ready straight from *Fareham* to depart,

The Lover's Adieu.

Where stood the villa of his friend rever'd,
By love and gratitude at once endear'd:
Love for the maid who taught his heart to bend,
And gratitude to patron, parent, friend.
The hour arriv'd—Augusta heav'd the sigh,
Now pale, now blushing, tears begem'd her eye:
The moment came, with sick'ning soul our youth
Faulter'd farewell, and fain wou'd pledge his truth;
Love urg'd confession—duty stopp'd his breath—
He bow'd the victim, chill'd and pale as death.
And now was wafted forth the fond adieu,
They part, and soon from sad Augusta's view,
The chaise transports her hero from her sight—
Moment to them that blights each dear delight.
Our youth, from beauty's fascination torn,
Views in the distance, the ensuing morn,
Athwart Aurora's grey and misty robe,
Vast London's spires—the mart of all the globe.
Struck with the sight, some solace sadness feels,
As when o'er night the blushing morning steals;

Passes for a Lieutenant.

The city soon the vehicle attains,
And rattling on, the destin'd mansion gains;
Where safe arriv'd, ere one week had transpir'd,
Richard receiv'd lieutenant's rank desir'd,
And heard the loud applause of those retail'd,
At whose strict questionings the youth ne'er fail'd * ;
Which point achiev'd, led by his guardian, he
Each worthy object then repair'd to see.
Nor be forgot, of Richard's toils the gain,
Three hundred pounds produc'd for prizes ta'en,
Which to our youth th' appointed agent gave—
Reward of merit—harvest of the brave.
And now was Dick but two days to remain,
Ere he should join his village maid again ;
And yet one latent wish enslav'd his heart,
To greet an old friend, ere he should depart.

* Neutiquam officium liberi esse homines puto,
Cum is nihil promereat, postulare id gratiæ apponi sibi.
TERENCE.

A man of liberal sentiments will not stoop to ask that as a favour, which he cannot claim as a reward.

Greenwich, with a glad Meeting.

Still he was mute:—No spur the chief requir'd,
Long had his mind foreseen what Dick desir'd;
Who, in Thames wherry trim, next morn repairs,
And with our hero lands at Greenwich Stairs;
In silence to the hospital proceeds,
As he with cautious look our Richard heeds:
Whose eyes observant objects soon engage,
That claim protection from their scars and age.
And while thus yielding contemplation food,
His mind ensteep'd in sadly pleasing mood,
On bench, with other vet'rans, 'twas his chance,
To meet of weather-beaten Jack the glance;
Whose gaze enquiring first on Dick was bent,
Then on the captain—when his tongue gave vent
To joyous shouts—as Richard, rushing on,
Felt all the impulse of a loving son,
While tears resistless from his eyes were seen,
Successive trickling down his graceful mien;
Each for a time the other's hand retain'd,
As eloquently silent both remain'd—

Prognostic verified.

When thus the pensioner express'd his joy:
" I said as how thou wast a gallant boy,
" That sure preferment must attend the brave,
" *And give thee fortune, or an hero's grave!*"
Dick thank'd the honest tar in accents brief,
Then, pointing to our vet'rans former chief,
Exclaim'd, " Tho' there all recompence is due,
" My key to fortune's ladder, Jack, was you;
" Sinking, that hand preserv'd my infant state,
" And op'd the portal to my future fate;
" Thus, while I breathe, rememb'rance must impart
" Its lasting record to my grateful heart."
The hoary tar, in conscious pride array'd,
With our lieutenant straight made grand parade,
That all those pensioners our youth might view,
Thus showing his prognostic was come true;
Which daily o'er his cups had prov'd his boast,
As Richard's fate was drank in bumper toast.
Nor was forgot that naval structure grand,
The fabric rear'd by charity's soft hand;

Apostrophe to Charity.

Whose confines nurse the aged and the bold,
Till by death's shaft their memory's are enroll'd.
Then hail, bless'd meek-ey'd charity benign,
Immortal essence of the pow'r divine,
Whose rays, soul-soothing, nothing can impede;
Effulgence bright, that crowns its vot'ry's deed,
With genial radiance cheers chaotic gloom,
And gilds life's passage to the silent tomb.
Thee I invoke, that canst alone accord,
To ev'ry rank and state, the same reward;
Since he is bless'd who poverty relieves,
Blessing alike the being that receives;
For with thine impulse no distinction's known,
The peasant ranks with him that fills the throne;
And the poor mite, by pity season'd, brings
An off'ring weighty as the wealth of kings*.

* The poet, unwilling to conceal a plagiary, refers his reader to the annexed beautiful lines of Shakespeare on mercy, which furnished him with the above idea, though expressed in a stile of such mediocrity, when compared with the great original.

Dick, ere departing, to our vet'ran brave,
Donation ample, as *memento* gave,
With promise, if he liv'd that day to see,
When Richard should from naval toils be free,
That with him he wou'd spend his latest breath,
Till fate should call him to the realms of death;
Which fond assurance Richard heard him make,
While of his hand he took the parting shake.
Yet tho' this scene had thrill'd our hero's mind,
A greater trial still remain'd behind:
From London, with his gen'rous friend, again
The carriage drove them to the village plain;
Yet little did our young lieutenant heed,
Of his kind patron the projected deed;

——————— It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thron'd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temp'ral pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty.

Feelings beyond Expression.

The chaise whirl'd on, till Richard's eye 'gan trace
The lowly hamlets of his native place;
Quick from the scene, o'erfraught with fond surprise,
He on the captain turn'd his brimful eyes,
With trembling grasp his hand in silence press'd,
While throbs proclaim'd the tumults of his breast.
Forthwith our youth his natal roof made known,
And to its portal would have instant flown;
When straight his eager speed the captain check'd—
His sire was old:—the thought made Dick reflect;
Who follow'd slowly to the cottage door,
Whither his cautious friend had sped before:
Now dread expectancy each moment fills,
Affection conjures up a thousand ills;
Our hero stood, the slave of hope and fear,
Chill'd was his heart, nor did he drop one tear.
His guardian comes—in breathless haste he flew—
Life's stream reflow'd—his father met his view—
Clasp'd to his heart, with extacy acute,
They breath'd joys eloquence in language mute.

The Lover's Meeting.

Here drop the pencil, muse—a theme withhold,
Which truth may teach, but poet's pen ne'er told.

* * * *

* * * *

Left by his friend, for three successive days,
Our youth had scope to breathe his filial lays;
Retail each sorrow—dwell on ev'ry joy—
Since first on board he serv'd a Sailor-Boy.
When, in return, he found his step-dame dead,
And both her sons from farmer's service fled;
Lur'd by recruiting-serjeant's wily tale,
They left for Mars the plough and useful flail.
The hour arriv'd, our hero left his sire,
When love anew suffus'd his subtle fire;
And when the vehicle in safety gain'd,
The mansion which Augusta's form contain'd,
His breast a thousand pleasing transports knew,
As once more to behold her form he flew:
She met him, 'ray'd in ev'ry winning grace,
While conscious love with roses deck'd her face;

The Lover's Meeting continued.

Trembling and diffident, her hand he took—
She gave him welcome with a downcast look;
And for promotion gain'd, her joy confess'd,
While he with warmth his gratitude express'd;
Terms energetic, that were fram'd to prove
The reigning impulse of imperious love.
Thus as our youth, with contemplation fraught,
Indulg'd affection's warmest purest thought,
He mark'd the beauties of her virgin mind,
Her native innocence, with grace refin'd;
The winning diffidence, and pensive eye,
The modest blush, and tender struggling sigh;
For such the casket was fate fram'd to hold,
The manly heart of Neptune's offspring bold,
Therein consign'd affection fervent dwelt,
She made response to all his bosom felt;
With sighs re-echo'd ev'ry tender pain—
Sighs, fleeting minions of love's potent reign;
Affection's eloquence, the soul's meek guest,
That breathes the hidden secrets of the breast;

Apostrophe to Love.

Soft heralds, that on airy pinions waft,
The record seal'd by love's omniscient shaft;
And yielding thus to passion's mutual reign,
Of peace resounds at length the welcome strain;
Proud Albion's sons of war their toils give o'er,
And joyous shouts re-echo from the shore;
While crown'd with olive-wreath, Britannia free,
Waves high the palm, as mistress of the sea.
Days in succession thus to days succeed,
Their soul's alike on love's warm banquet feed;
When, urg'd by tenderness, our hero's friend,
Resolves at length his anxious doubts shall end;
To Richard's ardency consent accords,
And for his niece the tender suit awards,
When fitting lapse of time should be obey'd,
And stamp him fit protector for the maid.
Our zealous youth, his gratitude to show,
For this kind sanction of pure passion's glow,
Feeling his state dependant too and poor,
Proclaims the wish that labour may ensure

The Sanction of Affection.

A competence to smooth the path of life,
Too proud to owe a fortune to his wife.
This wish, with fond applause his patron hears,
Whereby his independent mind appears;
And as no recompence from hostile broils
Can now requite our Richard's naval toils,
Anxious his noble wish should be obey'd,
He tries strong int'rest in the Indian trade;
And for our son of fame a ship obtains,
Destin'd for *Hindostan's* prolific plains.
Sure proof at sea he was an able hand,
Since *skill*, not years, obtain'd him this command.
And that our hero might not lack supplies,
To make the voyage produce an ample prize,
Our Richard's patron gold sufficient lent,
To answer fully the desir'd intent.
Now all his ventures in the vessel stow'd,
Ready for sea the ship at *Deptford* rode;
When first our hero sped his sire to view,
And bad the dutiful and fond adieu;

Then fair Augusta heard him next impart
The warm emotions of his love-sick heart,
As on his breast reclin'd she sigh'd her grief,
While he, in tend'rest accents, breath'd relief:
The order came—and, torn from her embrace,
Our Richard in the carriage took his place;
His patron's hand with manly feeling wrung,
While farewell echo'd from his fault'ring tongue.

And now the hero of our song behold,
For nine months plough the deep in quest of gold;
View him with produce of the eastern world,
Breasting the surge with milk-white sails unfurl'd;
And, ere twice twelve month's lapse, return amain,
To join his sire, his friend, and love again;
While for his labour he a store conveys,
To gild with competence his future days*.

* Audentes fortuna juvat.
VIRGIL.
Fortune assists the bold.

Here let the muse awhile her theme forbear,
Ere long the Sailor-Boy anew shall share
The poet's song, and labour to explain,
That innate worth is ne'er bestow'd in vain;
That valour, truth, and glowing merits share
Renown, friends, fortune, and a virtuous fair.

END OF CANTO III.

THE

SAILOR-BOY.

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

The poet delineates his hero, and hails the influence of virtue.—Bellona depicted, with a commencement of hostilities.—French anarchy represented.—Earl Howe's victory.—Soft endearments of pure affection.—Mutiny at the Nore.—The Sailor-Boy serves under his patron, as first-lieutenant of a seventy-four.—Sails for the West Indies, with an apostrophe to trade; and an encomium on Sir Francis Drake, the first circumnavigator.—Loss of Captain Trowbridge and the Blenheim.—A light breeze described.—A gale springs up, and increases to a dreadful storm, the effects of which are fully detailed, until she rides at anchor in safety.—Erection of jury-masts, and arrival at Barbadoes.—Our hero returns with his patron and the squadron to Great Britain.—Battle off Cape St. Vincent, under Sir John Jarvis.—Lord Duncan's victory off Camperdown.—The veteran a *fair weather admiral*.—Bravery of Burgess, Trollope, Fairfax, &c.—Fate of Captain Williamson.—Sir Walter Raleigh's opinion of the British navy.—An unequal contest, and glorious defeat of the enemy.—Richard the bearer of dispatches to the admiralty.—Sensibility of a noble mind.—The hero made master and commander.—British conquest adverted to.—Peace of Amiens.—The hero's nuptials.—The patron, the father, and the friend.—Trafalgar, with the muse's tears on Nelson's tomb.—Jack the veteran sailor's *hope*.—The poet to naval commanders, with his conclusive prayer.

THE

SAILOR-BOY.

CANTO IV.

Stat sua cuique dies; breve & irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ, sed famam extendere factis
Hoc virtutis opus. *Virgil.*

Every man has his brief portion of life, and of time, which cannot be recalled; but it belongs to virtue alone to extend our fame by our deeds.

COME, fire heroic, let thy brilliant beam,
The page illume—and in the muse's stream
My pen imbue, bright energies to show
True virtue's type, the stamp of valour's glow;
No common theme the poet's mind employs,
No fancied labours, no fictitious joys;
He paints the glowing annals of a youth,
And 'rays his hero in the garb of truth.

Invocation of the Poet.

O! may this tale, however weak the lays,
In Neptune's sons fame's glorious impulse raise;
May they by Richard's bright example learn,
That ev'ry virtue is repaid in turn:
Man is a vessel, this wide world's the sea,
And as his pilot steers, so destiny
Its course impels, thro' passion's veering flood,
And moors him in the port of ill or good.
The first to ev'ry baneful vice is due,
That taints the bosom with its sickly hue;
The last enrobes in glory's brilliant light,
And adds effulgence to its spotless white.
A breast as stainless as my hero bears,
With such requitals as his merit shares.
Yet soft, her theme the muse shall keep in view,
And of her youth the varied path pursue;
Since virtue, when by direful perils press'd,
With vice compar'd, in heav'n's bright robe is dress'd;
Death's the last struggle of our mundane fate,
And death to realms unfading must translate

Bellona calls to Arms.

The soul, that bow'd on earth to virtue's nod,
Assur'd of future happiness with God *.

And now behold the youth again ploughs o'er
The vasty surge, and makes rich India's shore;
As peace and traffic both go hand in hand,
While years of amity crown Britain's land.
At length Bellona from her sleep awakes,
And screeching loud, soft heav'nly concord breaks;
With hair dishevell'd, and with hungry eyes,
She mounts the chariot for the bloody prize,
High brandishes the flaming torch, to light
The god of battles to the desp'rate fight;
Whilst with her whip she goads the snorting steeds,
To dye their hoofs in sanguinary deeds.
Nor less fell anarchy, in grizzly pride,
Imbrues great Gallia with a crimson tide;

* Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.
HORACE.
The muse forbids the virtuous man to die.

Gallic Liberty.

Presenting *freedom*, as a specious bait,
To 'lure the multitude, and ripen hate;
With vans expansive glooms a chaos fell,
And rings aloud the regicidal yell;
While tygers loosen'd tear the bleating prey,
Furies, in human shape, that hold fell sway,
Who live on rapine, and by murder thrive;
For cruelty keeps anarchy alive.

Our hero, once more summon'd to his post,
Repairs anew to brave the Gallic host;
Quits beauty, parent, friend, and golden gain,
To dare the thund'ring contests of the main.
First with the Channel fleet behold him sail,
When *Howe's* * broad pendant floated in the gale,

* *Richard Earl Howe* entered the navy in 1725, being so young, that, by the age of twenty, he was appointed to the command of a sloop of war, in which he beat off two large French frigates, after a severe action, for which he was made a post-captain. After following his duty with unremitting zeal, he was at length appointed to the Dunkirk of 60 guns, in

Howe, and the First of June.

That vet'ran chief, our royal navy's pride,
Doom'd victor still o'er Neptune's floods to ride;

---

which he captured a French 64 off Newfoundland. In 1757 he served under Admiral Hawke, and was the year following nominated to the command of a squadron, with which he did great damage to the enemy at St. Malo's. In 1759, Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of York, was placed under his care, and the commodore, on the 6th of August, took Cherbourg, and destroyed the bason. This was followed by the unfortunate affair of St. Cas, where he displayed his courage and humanity in saving the retreating soldiers, at the hazard of his own life. The same year, on his brother's death, he became Lord Howe; and soon afterwards had a great share in the brilliant victory over Conflans. On this occasion, when he was presented to the king by Admiral Hawke, his majesty said, "Your life, my lord, has been one continued service to your country." In 1763 he was appointed to the admiralty-board, and in 1765 was made treasurer of the navy. In 1770 he was made commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, and in the American war he was nominated to the command of the fleet on that coast. In 1782 he was sent to relieve Gibraltar, which service he performed in sight of the French and Spanish fleets, which, though superior in numbers, did not dare risk an engagement. In 1783 he was made first lord of the admiralty, which office he soon resigned; but, at the end of the year, was re-appointed, and continued in that station till 1788, when he was created an English Earl. In 1793 he took the command of the channel fleet, and June 1, 1794, he obtained the decisive victory over the French fleet. The

Howe, and the First of June.

Two days transpire, unsettled hangs the fate,
France braves her destiny, and scorns retreat;
The third arrives, all glorious first of June,
Bless'd be the day ere sol proclaim'd thy noon;
The flag tri-colour'd, wav'd aloft no more,
But fled, dishonour'd, to the Gallic shore.
While *Joyeuse** bore, as signal of disgrace,
Wounded—the *tutor of the Gallic race:*

---

same year he was visited by their Majesties on board his own ship, at Spithead, when the King presented him with a magnificent sword, a gold chain and medal. He also received the thanks of both houses of parliament, the freedom of London, and the applause of the nation. In 1795 he became general of the marines, and in 1797 was honoured with the garter. His lordship died in 1799, and was succeeded in his title, &c. by his brother.

* *Villaret Joyeuse* commanded the French force on this occasion, while *Jean Bon St. André*, who had been previously employed at *Brest* by the national convention, to infuse democratical principles into the minds of the seamen, was on board *La Montague*, the flag-ship; and it was hoped that, in case of an engagement, the crews would supply, by means of enthusiasm, whatever they might be deficient in respect to skill and knowledge of naval affairs: the termination of this contest, however, proved the fallacy of this expectation, by

Whose furor, democratic, was to raise,
In new republicans fame's brightest blaze,
And tarnish England's wreath, for ages blest
With conquest, blooming still a verdant crest,
Safe with their prizes now behold them ride,
In Albion's port, whose sons, in joyous pride,
From ev'ry ship then moor'd, the victors greet,
Saluting with huzzas the conqu'ring fleet.
And here the venerating bard must bow,
Paying just tribute to the vet'ran Howe,
Whose deeds shall ever grace the page of fame,
While gratitude recalls his honour'd name;
That glow, which ne'er in Britain's breast can sleep,
While she records one hero of the deep.

And now from toil a short-liv'd pause ensues,
With laurel crown'd, our Richard once more views

---

the total defeat of the republicans; while *Jean Bon*, the national commissioner, was wounded, and compelled to fly in disgrace with the French admiral.

Love requited.

Augusta's angel form, with whom he shares
A dulcet recompence for all his cares;
As with a glowing tongue, by fancy fraught,
He gilds exuberant his fondest thought,
That hour, when fate itself shall deign approve,
And crown his hope with her who reigns his love.
Still more endear'd by perils past, our youth
Hears tend'rest sighs requite his tale of truth,
As fair Augusta's swimming eyes impart,
The thrill responsive of her fervid heart:
Delicious moments, that entrance the soul,
And stamp affection's absolute controul;
Moments, from every grosser passion free,
Love, gentlest love, with angel purity.
Such bliss, by friendship season'd, well repaid
Each toil and danger of war's iron trade:
Applauding virtue—beauty's radiant smile—
Combin'd, from Richard's bosom to beguile
All perils past, while hardships to ensue,
Held in perspective glory still in view.

Mutiny at the Nore.

From pleasing themes the muse must turn awhile,
And with dishonour, bright renown defile,
In black'ned robes disloyalty to paint,
And fame's clear source with pois'nous venom taint.
'Twas at the Nore rebellion dread appear'd,
And formidably high its front uprear'd;
Some foes to order, with French tenets fraught,
To plant fell anarchy in Britain sought;
And from her shores those oaken bulwarks steer,
That hold pale Gallia and the world in fear.
By *Parker** headed, munity began,
Contagion dread, which thro' our navy ran;

* Richard Parker was a native of Exeter, and had received a good education, after which he went into the navy, and became a midshipman; but was broke for some misconduct. Having a very prepossessing address, and great fluency of speech, he was chosen by the mutineers as principal of the delegates, on which he assumed the command of the fleet, and was called Admiral Parker. He ruled for some time with very great authority, and proved himself by no means deficient in skill and conduct during this temporary elevation, which struck a panic throughout the country. On the suppression of the mutiny, he was tried, and executed on board the Sandwich, June 30, 1797.

Effects of Disloyalty.

When crews revolted, took themselves command,
Each captain pris'ner of his lawless band;
E'en *Howe* himself, whose arm so late had trac'd
His nation's glory, in a foe disgrac'd,
This danger shar'd, till, by his stern controul,
He struck with panic each disloyal soul.
From sight of the misguided soon was rent
Dark treason's veil, when duty finding vent,
Conviction flashing, 'fore the senses plac'd
The traitor's deed, by ev'ry crime debas'd.
Friend to the bitter foes of his own soil,
For kindred spreading the destructive toil;
Yet by those foes abhorr'd, they thus befriend,
Who hate that wretch by whom they gain their end;
Restor'd to reason, those who took the lead,
Adjudged by law as guilty of the deed,
Yielded their forfeit lives: while ev'ry crew,
So late deluded, eager to pursue
A diff'rent course, and wash the slur away,
In silence pray'd for the auspicious day,

Richard serves as First-Lieutenant.

Which from their country's mem'ry shou'd efface
The deep impression of their foul disgrace;
The hour arriv'd, and victors on the main,
In hostile blood they cleans'd the trait'rous stain,
Prov'd staunch as ever to their native shore,
The feat still ratifying o'er and o'er:
Witness those acts, that in succession prove,
Tars by their deeds still claim their country's love.
Our Richard's patron, prompt at duty's call,
Prepares anew to hurl the vengeful ball;
Appointed to command a *sev'nty-four*,
He burns with ardor for the fray once more,
And names the burthen of the poet's strain,
His *first-lieutenant* on the buoyant main;
Who doom'd anew to sooth Augusta's fears,
Allay her anguish, and assuage her tears;
On glory dwells with energetic praise,
That theme, which to the female heart conveys
Redoubled fondness for her soul's approv'd,
And makes her value more her well-belov'd.

Such thoughts engross'd the fair Augusta's mind,
When by our gallant hero left behind;
And such the soul's invigorating glow,
Consolatory balm, that sooth'd her woe,
The youth she yielded to heav'n's fost'ring breast,
Assur'd that love and fame would act the rest.
Joyful, our willing hero now on board,
Attended to his chief's commanding word;
Discarding freedom from his conduct now,
'Twas rigid duty prompted him to bow,
Since naval customs interven'd to mar
Such licence, when on board a man of war.
Richard confess'd his chief's superior sway,
Tutor'd as first-lieutenant, *to obey:*
Her anchor weigh'd, our ship in ocean laves,
And steers her course to ride the western waves,
The squadron of bold *Jervis* * to augment,
Who to reduce the Gallic islands sent,

* In 1795 a formidable armament was equipped for the West Indies, the command of the fleet being given to Sir

Glorious Effects of Trade.

With noble *Grey*, and hardy troops maintain'd,
That gallant title they so oft had gain'd.
And thus proceeding in her track, kind chance
Presents to view a man of war of France,
Triumphant leading o'er the greeny plain,
Of British trade ships a long captur'd train;
With press of sail our bold commander steers,
Straight for the foe, the decks for action clears,
And with such vigour deals his cannon's fire,
With canvas crouded, Gallia's sons retire,
The bond dissolves which Albion's traffic bound,
Restoring freedom on its realm profound.

Thro' thy endeavours persevering *trade*,
From ev'ry region produce is convey'd,
To British merchantmen its children owe
The *western* sweets—the pomp of *eastern* show—

John Jervis (now Earl St.Vincent), while General Sir Charles Grey (now an earl) was appointed by government to command the land forces.

Sir Francis Drake.

The costly furs from *northern* empires cold—
And from the *south* rich gems and precious gold;
'Tis industry hath made four quarters meet,
Our little isle the universe complete.
Nor let the muse forget that tribute due,
Which 'longs so justly, gallant *Drake**, to you;
Seaman renown'd, whose lofty daring soul
First brav'd the danger of each distant pole,

* Sir Francis Drake soon after projected a voyage to the South Seas, through the Streights of Magellan, and having obtained the Queen's permission for that purpose, sailed with a small squadron, in which he himself embarked on board the Pelican, of 100 tons, Nov. 15, 1577.

Having entered the Southern Ocean in the manner he intended, he took many rich prizes from the Spaniards, and returned safely by the Cape of Good Hope, September 25, 1583; being the first commander who had ever surrounded the globe.

Her Majesty (Queen Elizabeth) dined on board his ship at Deptford, April 4, 1581, and on that occasion conferred on him the honour of knighthood. Orders were given for the preservation of his vessel; and when it began to decay, a chair, made out of the planks, was presented to the university of Oxford.

Sir Francis Drake.

Whose flag on board the *Pelican* unfurl'd,
Made the full circuit of this pendent world.
Return'd in safety to the British soil,
Queen Bess admiring, well repaid the toil,
In person visiting the ship renown'd,
While by her hand with knighthood *Drake* was crown'd;
And when the vessel, long preserv'd for show,
Its tough ribs yielded to time's conqu'ring blow,
From its oak planks that chair was soon display'd,
Sign of the circuition *Drake* had made,
Which to fam'd Oxford giv'n, preserv'd the fame,
Of this first circumnavigator's name*.
To whose great deeds our worthy merchants still
Productions owe, which oft their vessels fill,

* Since the foregoing note was committed to paper, the author has been informed, that all the furniture used in the cabin of Sir Francis Drake, during his voyage round the world, is safely preserved in Berkley castle, Somersetshire.

Trowbridge and the Blenheim.

Freightage, that ne'er perhaps our soil had grac'd,
If *Drake* the globe's vast circuit had not trac'd*.
And yet, tho' ocean's track so well is known,
Sometimes the ship, by adverse tempests blown,
Amidst the wat'ry wilderness will stray,
Impetuous drifted from its destin'd way;
Trowbridge†, thy fate the bard shall here retail,
O'er whom dark destiny still hangs her veil,
Commander tried, that proudly kept in view
His country's fame, and, with a gallant crew,
Sail'd in the Blenheim to support her right,
And dare opponents to the desp'rate fight;

---

* *Columbus* first who o'er the Atlantic curl'd,
And daring *Drake*, who first embrac'd the world.
KIRKPATRICK.

† The *Blenheim*, commanded by Rear Admiral *Sir S. T. Troubridge*, has been missing since February 1807. The last time she was seen was by the *Harrier* sloop, at which period the *Blenheim* was in the most dreadful situation; it is therefore conjectured that she foundered at sea, when every soul went to the bottom.

A Gale springs up.

All lost, no soul return'd the tale to bear,
And the mysterious page of fate to clear.

Our merchantmen, thus wrench'd from Gallic toils,
The man of war sails on to face new broils;
Tow'rds western India's isles the helmsman steers,
While canvas spread, meets boreas as he veers;
Sometimes to aid her course light breezes blow,
When *royals** set, their swelling whiteness show,
As high aloft *sky-scrapers* unconfin'd,
Expand their smaller bosoms to the wind,
While to impel the vessel's motion glib,
The *studding-sails*† are set, and *flying-gib*,
As he on duty will to helmsman call,
Now mind her *course*‡, my boy; steer small; steer small;

* *Royals* are sails set above the top-gallant sails, and *Sky-scrapers* are above the Royals.

† *Studding-sails* are additional sails set in light breezes.

‡ A ship's *course* is that point of the compass whither she is steering.

A Gale springs up.

Or, when more boist'rous blows the fav'ring gale,
Forthwith is taken in each smaller sail;
When straight the *sprit-sail* forward's* set to waft,
The vessel on, with *driver*† too *abaft*.
And now three weeks the ship her course had ta'en,
Stemming the billows of the vasty main;
Whem sombre ev'ning scarf'd day's cheerful light,
And clouds portent'ous spoke an angry night;
Already twice had chim'd the dog-watch bell,
When boreas blowing, urg'd the billowy swell,
On ev'ry side the weather thick'ned fast,
While stiffer grown loud howl'd the southern blast,
Which still encreasing till the night's tenth hour,
The gale then baffling all the seaman's pow'r;
To *sound* the sailor heaves the lead with care,
And finds some twenty fathom water there;

* *Sprit-sail forward* is used in light breezes.

† *Driver abaft* is larger than the mizen-sail, and consequently set in the place of the mizen, to make the ship go faster in light winds.

The Wind increases.

When by command the anchor's straight let go,
The ship rides hard, tho' grappled tight below;
While busy tars the *top-sails* furl with pain,
Tho' at the *courses* efforts prove but vain;
No diminution of the storm night brings,
Our hero orders—harsh the boatswain sings;
While as the crew morn's faintest dawnings hail,
From east north-east springs up a dreadful gale,
Which bids defiance to all human art,
The ship so driving, she from hold must part;
When tars assembled toil to set her free,
Anon cut cables, and run off to sea.
The gale still fresh'ning, to give ship relief,
More sails the seamen to the yards then reef;
While thus at will she drives till past mid-day,
Impell'd by winds—emerg'd in floods of spray—
Tow'rds eve at south the gale tremend'ous blows,
The black'ned main more lofty mountains shows;
When, to save vessel from the threat'ning shore,
To winds intractable, the men restore

Leak in a Storm.

The canvas reef'd—o'er danger to prevail,
And with hard labour carry press of sail;
Yet oft, in 'scaping one dread source of fear,
An equal danger threatens in the rear;
And such now prov'd the fate—for sails thus press'd,
Added new horrors to the ship distress'd;
Which instant hove in briny floods amain,
Converting gun-deck to a liquid plain.
The seaman now prepares to sound the *well**,
When in deep voice is heard this doleful knell;
She's sprung a leak—to work, with courage bold,
Full five feet water, lads, is in her hold.
Aloft they shorten sail with nimble speed,
All pumps are set to work in this fell need;
With toil unceasing, loud the chains resound,
Till by their pains at length the leak is found;

* The *well* is an apartment in the hold of the ship, wherein the pumps are inclosed. It is sounded by dropping into it a measured iron rod, suspended to a line, whereby the diminution or increase of the leak is easily discovered.

She goes under bare Poles.

While others vainly strive, with anxious care,
'Gainst stubborn waves to make the vessel wear.
The howling blast still more tempestuous roars,
Urging the ship against destructive shores;
While billows beating, rear her mountains high,
Then dash her in a gulph's profundity;
Yet vain the surges thus clos'd ports assail,
Barr'd, and twice bolted, they cannot prevail.
The pond'rous cannon safely to ensure,
With double-breeching rides the storm secure;
While ev'ry fear of motion to defeat,
Beneath each truck is closely wedg'd the cleat;
Engulp'd, the larboard side in floods now laves,
And now the starboard meets enfuriate waves;
The order giv'n, the sailors bustle fast,
And lower anon the high top-gallant-mast,
Then, in obedience to command, pursue
Their task—strike lower yards and top-mast too;

Springing the Fore-Mast.

When thus dismantled, urg'd by waves fell throes,
Under *bare poles**, twelve knots an hour she goes;
The cataract augments, winds louder howl,
And o'er the main, clouds hang a darker cowl;
Surges the ship assail, which dashing fly
Clean o'er the deck, in clouds of milky dye;
While sailors grasping tackle, drench'd with foam,
Are safe preserv'd from a drear wat'ry home.
Urg'd by necessity, the tars obey
A fresh command—cut mizen-mast away;
A second time to wear the ship they try,
Billows a second time their skill defy:
Sounding the well, on pumps the leak fast gains,
In hold full eight feet water—spite of pains.
An hideous crack now echoes in the blast,
Prognostic sure of springing the foremast;

* A ship is called going under bare poles, when it blows such a gale that she can show no canvas, and *scuds under her bare poles.*

Main-Mast goes by the Board.

Quick speed the carpenters, their aid to lend,
And, having ey'd with care the yawning rend,
Their ropes and iron hoops, prepar'd for need,
Anon they bring, and *fish* * the mast with speed;
While no decrease the furious tempest shows,
Rains spout, seas rage, an hurricane it blows.
Now th' horizon paly lightnings track,
From pendent vapours loud the thunders crack;
While wat'ry mountains, ceaseless roaring loud,
Rear the oak burthen to the fire fraught cloud †.
A second crash, with hideous echo roar'd,
Smack instant went the main-mast by the board;

* The mast is called *fish'd*, when, after being *sprung* (or crack'd), a strong plank is placed on either side of the part so *sprung*, and firmly lashed round with ropes to prevent its breaking off.

† ——— Memento mare vertitur,
Eodem die ubi luserunt, navigia sorbentur.
JUVENAL.

In a moment the sea is convulsed, and on the same day vessels are swallowed up, where they lately sported on the waves.

Main-Mast goes by the Board.

All hands the hatchets seiz'd, and mann'd the deck,
To sever ropes, and clear away the wreck;
Which done by closing night, fate proves more kind,
For then the ship is got before the wind;
Which three hours thus made way, while chain-
pumps clear'd
Full two feet water, as the vessel steer'd;
And thus her head was to the westward brought,
By fore-sail only to the fore-mast tort.
No friendly gleam now chear'd the seaman's sight,
A pitchy darkness spoke twelfth hour of night,
Gorg'd clouds, by suction from each briny steep,
More pond'rous lagg'd o'er surface of the deep,
While spouting rain, by hurricanes impell'd,
In whistling clangor to the wide waste yell'd.
Our youth again commands, when tars intent,
Another fore-sail with hard labour bent;
By splicing they erected, and made fast
Upon the deck, and rigg'd a jury-mast;

She rides at Anchor.

Set a top-gallant for a main-sail straight,
The ship thus drifting at the will of fate.
Again the dawn appears, when thick'ning shades
Thro' the horizon of the east pervades;
The wind then veering, strong to southward blew,
While to the leeward land appear'd in view,
When hauling in the sail, they soon let go
The small *bower anchor*, thro' the floods below;
The ship brought up, at cable's length then hove,
But winds still fresh'ning, 'midst the surge she drove.
Let go *best bower*, aloud our hero cried—
Th' uncoiling cable whizzing cut the tide;
When winds abated, and the ship once more
At an whole cable's length in safety wore.
The tempest by degrees abates its force,
No longer war the winds in clangor hoarse,
While waves, tho' agitated, show decrease,
And court the empire of unruffled peace.
With sadden'd mien our Richard now survey'd
The dreadful havoc which the storm had made,

Victor Hugues.

Issu'd commands, when jolly tars alert,
Rigg'd ev'ry jury-mast with toil expert;
And thus an hulk our war-ship slowly bore,
The crew in safety to *Barbadoe's* shore;
Where straight refitted, soon the vessel gain'd
That fleet, whose efforts were to be sustain'd,
Gather'd on western shores the laurel crown,
Till democratic *Victor** sought renown;
And by the wily theme of *freedom* drew,
Around his standard anarchy's fell crew;

* The French government having with difficulty fitted out an expedition to oppose our progress in the West Indies, conferred the command on *Victor Hugues*, a bold and desperate partizan of republicanism, who was formed alike by nature and by art for daring actions. Armed with a decree of the national convention, conferring freedom on all the slaves in the West India islands, and aided also by his courage and perseverance, he became peculiarly successful, which, conjoining with the ravages occasioned by the climate, and the commencement of the hurricane season, our commanders at length deemed it necessary to relinquish any further endeavours, and consequently returned again to port; after having given signal proofs of the persevering courage of the English forces.

A Briton's Freedom.

When Briton's left the regicidal band,
And homeward steering, made our sea-girt land;
That soil where *real liberty* displays
The pow'r benignant of her chearing rays,
Beams that illume each gen'rous Briton's breast,
Who feels he's free, and in that freedom's blest.

Now let the reader's mind prolific draw,
Two years of constant toil our Richard saw;
Who serving still beneath his patron's eye,
Strove by each act still more to ratify
That predilection he had felt so long,
For the bright hero of the minstrel's song;
To other deeds the bard new strings the lyre,
An epoch worthy true poetic fire:
A feat deserving more Parnassian praise,
Than e'er will stamp the poet's humbler lays;
Who still desires the action to rehearse,
With ardor true, tho' in less brilliant verse,

Victory off Cape St. Vincent.

Still was the record of that glorious feat
In British minds alive, when brave defeat
Of Albion's foes, off *Cape Saint Vincent* *, drew
From England's gratitude the tribute due;
When *Jervis, Thompson, Parker, Nelson,* gain'd
That recompence their valour had obtain'd;
While ev'ry captain, and each gallant tar,
Was hail'd alike a valiant son of war.
Behold, anew our oaken bulwarks ride,
The lordly *Venerable* stems the tide;
Where *Duncan's* flag waves hostile minds to dare,
Swell'd by embracings of the ambient air.

* This signal victory, which was gained February 14, 1797, caused great rejoicings throughout England; the fleet was honoured with the thanks of both houses of parliament, while the king, in allusion to the spot near which the battle was fought, conferred a patent of the earldom of St. Vincent on Sir John Jervis, with a pension of 3000l. per annum; Vice-Admiral Thompson, and Rear-Admiral Parker, were made baronets; while the gallant Commodore Nelson was invested with the honours of the Bath. Gold medals and chains were at the same time resented to all the commanders.

Duncan and Camperdown.

'Twas this auspicious hour, when high renown
Once more for Briton wove the blooming crown,
That usher'd Richard to the dreadful strife,
And for his country made him stake his life;
An epoch memorable to his soul,
Since there he own'd his patron's chief controul;
Who, led by *Adam Duncan* *, thus obey'd
His brother vet'ran, whom he saw array'd

* This brave naval commander was born at Dundee, in Scotland, in 1731, of an ancient and respectable family. Being a younger son, he was bred to the sea, and in 1761 obtained the rank of post-captain. Being intimate with Admiral Keppel, he was appointed his captain, and was also on the court martial at the trial of that veteran. In 1787 he became rear-admiral, in 1793 vice-admiral, and in 1795 admiral of the blue. In the last war, being appointed to the North Sea station, he blockaded the Dutch fleet in the Texel, till the summer of 1797, when the mutiny broke out in his squadron; on which momentous occasion he was firm, and the speech which he then made to the crew of his ship, the Veteran, remarkably affecting. The enemy, taking advantage of this absence, slipped out; of which the admiral soon gained intelligence, and, by a masterly manœuvre, placed himself between the Dutch fleet and the Texel. An engagement

True Nobility.

In true nobility—since titles grace
The actor more, than he who boasts a race
From kings descended, whilst his plea for fame
Concentrates only in the hollow name *.
Here *brave De Winter* (for tho' England's foe,
He claims our praise), assay'd a desp'rate blow;

---

ensued, October 11, off Camperdown, within five miles of the coast; when the Dutch admiral, De Winter, after a very obstinate resistance, was obliged to strike; and the fruits of this signal victory were eight ships, two of which carried flags. For this gallant exploit he was created Viscount Duncan of Camperdown and Baron Duncan of Lundie, in the shire of Perth. A pension was also annexed, of 2000l. per annum, which goes to the two next heirs of the peerage. Lord Duncan was of a very manly and athletic form, being six feet three inches high. His character was amiable, and to his other estimable qualifications, he proved himself a true christian. He died in 1804.

* The motto of Earl Grosvenor is by no means inapplicable to this sentiment—

Nobilitatis virtus non stemma character.

Virtue, not pedigree, should characterise nobility.

The fair-weather Admiral.

Fought till abandon'd by one half his fleet,
He own'd himself by *Duncan's** prowess beat;
Who with eight captures, bound in Britain's chain,
Victorious wav'd our trident o'er the main;
And tho' pale fear in fight the chief ne'er knew,
Yet trifles could the vet'ran's heart subdue;
For when his ship was station'd off the shore,
Were seas but ruffled, did the wind but roar,
No longer then his top-masts could be seen,
All struck, till weather shou'd become serene;
Nor would he then e'er venture forth in boat,
But safely moor'd, on board his war-ship float;
Thus females, when in port *Lord Duncan* sail'd,
" *Fair weather admiral*†," the vet'ran hail'd.

* In speaking of these two gallant commanders, it may not be inapplicable to insert the motto of the Earl of Upper Ossory—

Fortis sub forte fatiscet.

A brave man will yield to a braver man.

† It is rather extraordinary that so brave a man as Lord Duncan should have had a particular antipathy to the trust-

Burgess.

Tho' great this conquest, England had to weep,
Full many souls dispatch'd to death's drear sleep;
'Twas there brave *Burgess**, summon'd to maintain
Great Britain's right, as sov'reign of the main,
On board the *Ardent* made his valour known,
Courage that gain'd him an immortal throne:
Yes, for by glory crown'd, 'twas there his lot,
In twain divided by the foe's chain-shot,
To yield his spirit up to God on high,
Ours the sad task to weep his destiny.

---

ing himself in a boat, if there was the least appearance of foul weather; nor is it less certain, that he would strike his yards and topmasts when in the Downs, if he thought a small squall was coming on, which gave rise to the appellation of *The fair-weather admiral*, by which he was designated whensoever he came into port, by such ladies as were his particular intimates.

* This brave and virtuous man, who, for wounds received in a former engagement, had an augmentation in his pay of five shillings a day, was literally cut in two by a chain-shot, during this memorable action. The writer of this note was an eye-witness of the shattered state of his majesty's ship, the Ardent, when she came into Yarmouth Roads, not having a mast standing, as she had sustained the hottest fire of the enemy.

Trollope and Williamson.

Yet not alone with tears the urn to dew,
But round his brows entwine the laurel too,
That wreath, just recompence of gallant worth,
The brightest tribute of the sons of earth.
Nor less did *Trollope's** gallantry appear,
The tried opponent of pale trembling fear;
Trollope, that erst in *Glatton* scorn'd to run,
And beat the foe, tho' six oppos'd to one;
Fairfax alike, and ev'ry captain strove,
To prove for Albion his inherent love;
All, save poor *Williamson*†, who ne'er had slunk
From fight before: yet here, for having shrunk

* This gallant commander must for ever grace the page of valour, when his conduct is called in question on a prior occasion; as he, in the Glatton, opposed and conquered a force considerably superior to his own.

† This unfortunate commander was captain of the Agincourt at the battle of Camperdown, where, although signals were made, he kept aloof from the action, for which he was afterwards brought to a court-martial; when he alledged, in extenuation of his conduct, that his ship was unfit for service, which evidence was corroborated by a part of his officers,

Williamson.

From duty's call, was summon'd to appear,
The judgment of court-martial stern to hear;
And tho' its fell decree seal'd his disgrace,
Brave men yet sympathiz'd his hapless case,
While he, unable to survive the doom,
By rash self-murder sought th' oblivious tomb.
In lurid guise was *Holland* thus array'd,
Crush'd her proud navy, and destroy'd her trade;
While glory's sun, with brighter radiance crown'd,
Great Britain's bulwarks, and her mart renown'd,
Making more sterling that opinion pass,
Well worthy to be chronicled in brass;

---

while others disavowed it; and the captain was therefore dismissed the service for disobeying orders; which degradation so affected him, that he soon after put a period to his existence. This conduct, on the part of Captain Williamson, when called into action, was the more unaccountable, as he had never before indicated the least taint of cowardice when called to his duty; and his case was so far commiserated, that many *brave naval officers* continued their friendship towards him until the fatal moment which terminated his earthly career.

Raleigh's Prognostic.

Words that convey'd the feelings of a mind,
Where valour with the statesman's pow'rs combin'd,
Who thus hath written—" Britain still may be
" The land of freedom, while she rules the sea*."
Our first-lieutenant still owns *Neptune's* sway,
Nor quits for *love* his glory-beaming ray;
Still in the war-ship order'd forth to cruize,
With new exploits he occupies the muse;
Deeds that in future times shall joys increase,
Enhancing soft delights of love and peace.
Another desp'rate act his patron dares,
Another bloody feat our hero shares;
As sailing proudly tow'rd the Gallic shore,
Five frigates, with nine men of war, that bore

* *Raleigh*, for virtue and for arts renown'd,
By *Mars*, *Minerva*, and the muses crown'd;
Raleigh, whose formal murder long shall stain,
Th' inglorious annals of a pedant reign;
Revenging *Spain* on *Albion's* worthiest son,
For half the laurels great Eliza won.

Unequal Combat.

Great *mettle's weight*, to windward soon are seen,
Bearing down pompous o'er the floody green;
Conceiving Britons will not dare the blow,
But yield the squadron to so strong a foe.
Alas! poor sons of France, ye little knew
What energies inspir'd each hostile crew,
Until the contest of one fleeting hour
Taught ye that courage can outrival pow'r;
One frigate sunk, two others fly the field,
The rest are ta'en; while to our vessels yield
Three men of war, as six by flight escape,
And gladly for Gaul's port their courses shape.
A feat so glorious, gave our Richard's friend
Fresh scope, his fost'ring kindness to extend;
With plaudits due, and with the captures straight
Homeward he sends our hero to relate,
The glowing minutes of the prosp'rous day,
That crown'd our annals with bright glory's ray;
Dispatches thus to Richard's care consign'd,
On board swift-sailing cutter, with a wind

Taking up Dispatches.

Fair blowing, he for England 'gins to steer,
The conqu'ring squadron leaving in the rear.
No unpropitious gales his course impede,
Boreas and Neptune urge the vessel's speed,
Scudding with press of sail, o'er main she glides,
And soon at Spithead moor'd, in safety rides.
Our hero wafted in the boat to shore,
Sets off for London post, in chaise and four;
And tho' assur'd no thoughts can then efface
The glowing mem'ry of our foe's disgrace,
Yet fame, tho' brilliant, never can controul
The genuine impulse of a feeling soul;
For as the chaise impetuous whirl'd along,
Exciting gaze of many a village throng,
Richard at length descried that ale-house door,
Where once, with vet'ran Jack, a wand'rer poor,
Good Tom, the post-boy's kindness he had felt,
Whereat rememb'rance made his bosom melt:
Straight from the window, as the chaise drove by,
With swelling heart he bent his brimful eye,

Tender Retrospection.

Fancy to mind each touching object brought,
While fame and conquest fled at once his thought.
Absorb'd and listless, he resum'd his place,
And, as the tears found vent, conceal'd his face;
Subdu'd by feeling, long our hero lay,
Nor thought how rapidly the chaise made way,
When, just as reason 'gan to calm his brain,
Fate once more touch'd the thrilling chords of pain;
His eyes he rear'd, when, lo! a distant spire
Full to remembrance brought his honour'd sire;
Nor less his mother's mem'ry touch'd his breast,
Hard by in church-yard slumb'ring with the blest.
Again his heart with strong emotions beat,
His eyes once more became soft pity's seat;
As from their sluices, tears, like genial rain,
Dropp'd to assuage his bosom's fev'rish pain;
And, as he nearer to the village drew,
The western heav'n, in faintest Tyrian hue,
Display'd the sober hour of ev'ning come,
When swallows skim the air, horn'd beetles hum;

Virtuous Emotions.

When herds from fields retire, the hind from toil,
While falling dews recruit the sun-parch'd soil;
When lagging crows slow flap the dusky air,
And to the woods embrowning shades repair;
When nature o'er her fecund bosom throws
The robe of peace, and lures us to repose;
Such prov'd the moment, when our hero found
The carriage ent'ring on his natal ground:
Ah! then how long'd his yearning soul once more,
The village and its confines to explore;
The roof paternal, school, and church-yard still,
The lover's walk, in coppice 'neath the hill;
The brook meand'ring, at whose brink so oft,
In boyhood heated, he his clothes had doft,
And watch'd the frog emerg'd, whose ev'ry limb,
With motion true, first taught him how to swim.
From scenes like these, which rapid pass'd his brain,
On human beings next he dwelt with pain;
Whether the clerk were yet alive and brave,
Or if the yew-tree fann'd his humble grave;

Then on his parent was his mind full giv'n,
Perhaps still well—O! God: perhaps in heav'n.
The yearning pang his soul could not sustain,
Tho' duty spurr'd, yet feeling check'd the rein;
A minute's pause his country might excuse—
One minute cou'd not tarnish brilliant news:
The chaise he stopp'd, our hero rush'd forth straight,
Leap'd o'er a wicket, pass'd a cottage gate,
And to the farmer, who astonish'd stood,
With fault'ring accents, and with fear chill'd blood,
His father's name pronouncing faint, he said—
"Is—is he—tell me, friend—alive or dead?"
"Dead! no, odds dickens, sir, he's hearty still;"
Life's stream so lately stopp'd, with glowing thrill,
Our gallant hero's soul anon impress'd:
He then demanded, whether yet at rest,
And in cold grave the parish-clerk was laid,
His former pedant of the *birchin* trade.
Silent and slow his head the farmer shook,
Richard with sorrow read the speaking look;

Death the lot of Mortality.

Dumb page of eloquence, whereon fate's doom
Was painted legible—*the old man's tomb.*
Richard a moment's pang cou'd not disguise,
Two tears stood trembling in his downcast eyes;
When thanking the informant, he anon
One guinea gave—and bad him straight begone,
To tell his sire the vict'ry we had won,
And that alive and well he'd seen his son.
The farmer star'd: our hero spake no more,
But, darting quick from out the cottage-door,
Mounted the chaise, which dashing on the road,
From village bore him, and his sire's abode;
Safe at the Admiralty now behold,
This glowing record of our fame enroll'd;
While Richard then fresh honour's rank attains,
As master and commander's post he gains *.

* Captain of a ship of war is the officer who commands a ship of the line of battle, or a frigate carrying twenty or more cannon. The charge of a captain in his majesty's service is very comprehensive, as he is not only answerable for any bad conduct of the military government and equipment of the ship he commands, but also for any neglect of duty, or ill-

Here let the muse awhile her wings expand,
And quit her hero for a foreign land;
Who, with his friend and love, secure from toils,
Hears of our triumphs in remoter broils.
The poet now, with rapture's beamy smile,
Hails th' immortal victor of the Nile;
Who nurs'd in cradle of War's stern alarms,
In desp'rate actions felt extatic charms,
Whose ev'ry wound proclaim'd proud honour's scar,
The batter'd monument of glory's war.

Now *Malta* yields, and *Copenhagen's* shore
Hears from our brazen throats the murd'rous roar;
While *Nelson*, off *Boulogne*, with naval band,
Awes Gallia's offspring on their native land.

Mark *Egypt's* coast, where Britons rung the knell
Of Gaul's *Elite:* when *Abercrombie* fell,

---

management in his inferior officers, whose several charges he is appointed to superintend and regulate.

Whose feats mid hero's annals still must reign,
Whilst *Aboukir* resounds with martial strain.
Behold *Sir Sidney* too, whose struggles free
The soil of Egypt from Gaul's tyranny;
That child of fame, whose gallant arms defied
The son of *Corsica*, and tam'd his pride;
Drove him a renegade to leave that host,
Whose blood and toils had rear'd him to this post;
While thus the chains of Egpyt's children broke,
They hail the race that frees them from the yoke.

At *Amiens* peace is ratified again,
With olive branch she sweeps the limpid plain,
As in her lap the horn of plenty flows,
While o'er her brows the crest of *Plutus* glows.

Hail, glorious epoch, for the muse shall now
Link heav'nly love with Hymen's sacred vow:
Augusta, blushing, at the altar view,
With tenderness requite our hero true;

The Father and the Veteran Tar.

As silent down his patron's visage steals
Tears, that express the extacies he feels,
Whilst he relinquishes the trembling fair
To Richard's bosom—to an husband's care.
Nor think the bard forgets a father's due,
Still to a tender parent's feelings true;
He tunes the strain: for Richard's doating sire
Witness'd with transports love's connubial fire,
That beam'd from either countenance benign,
Stamp'd with affection's purity divine.
In homely terms the sire, with sobs, express'd
Parental joys, and oft our couple bless'd;
While Jack, to Greenwich having bad farewell,
Attentive stood enchain'd, by pleasure's spell,
As from his lips these words impressive came—
"I said as how he was the son of fame,
"And, if death did not broach the hero too,
"He'd live for glory—so my word's come true."

Here let the minstrel cease the glowing strain,
To paint excess of transport were in vain;

Nelson and Trafalgar.

Creative fancy must complete the space,
Which genius might essay, but never trace;
Let those imagine then each lover's bliss,
Whose *love* is virtue, seal'd by heav'n's pure kiss.
Such was my hero's, such Augusta's joy,
Hymen conjoining with love's rosy boy.

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Once more to battle see my youth repair,
Immortal fame off *Trafalgar* to share:
Behold him mourn heroic Nelson's doom,
And follow weeping to his honour'd tomb;
Sad hallow'd mausoleum, which contains
The mortal casket, that alone remains
Memorial of the gem it once enshrin'd,
The soul of honour, and the hero's mind.
Farewell, brave chief, the bard thy praise wou'd sing,
But melancholy breaks the lyric string;

Tear of Melancholy.

Sorrow resounds, while hanging o'er thy bier,
His tributary lay—*the feeling tear* *.

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* The circumstances which attended the death of Lord Nelson call to mind the memorable conduct of Sir Richard Grenville, in the year 1590, who, scorning to fly before a far superior force, sustained an action of fifteen hours, repulsing his enemies no less than fifteen times, and sunk two of their vessels. This truly gallant character had received a wound at the commencement of the fight, but continued on deck until eleven at night, when receiving a contusion on the head he was carried below, and a few days after, while expiring of his wounds, this brave officer thus expressed himself—"Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, having ended my days as a true sailor ought to do, fighting for my country, queen, religion, and honour; my soul willingly departs from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant officer is in duty bound to do." The conduct of this magnanimous spirit, united with that of the great Nelson, brings to recollection this justly celebrated line of Horace—

Dulce & decorum est pro patria mori.

It is pleasing and honourable to die for one's country.

The Poet's conclusive Prayer.

Now last, to signalize my son of fame,
And add fresh laurels to his brilliant name,
For feats achiev'd, hear Jack the vet'ran boast,
" As how young gallant Richard is made *post;*
" Who, by God's help, he trusts ere death to view,
" Command at sea, an admiral of the *blue.*"
In which fond hope the muse alike accords,
While to her gallant hero she awards
The meed of praise, which justly claims her son,
As brave a youth as e'er fame's race hath run.
O ! may our naval chieftains still sustain,
On Neptune's empire uncontroul'd domain;
May they o'er ocean's expanse still preside,
And in their oaken tow'rs triumphant ride;
So sings the bard—who gives to feeling scope,
And still dares cherish in his soul fond hope,
That some brave spirits may peruse his lays,
And deem his offspring not unworthy praise:
Oh ! shou'd such recompence his song attend,
Should naval heroes prove his Sea-Boy's friend,

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Conclusion.

The bard enraptur'd, may ere long proclaim,
That ev'ry stripling vies for Richard's fame;
So shall he praise the muse's fond employ,
Fame, the result of his *Poor Sailor-Boy*.

FINIS.

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